

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



GIVEN IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915
KILLED IN ACTION
BOISLEUX-AU-MONT, FRANCE
MARCH 30, 1918

Do Not Photograph
Material in This
Photocopying File

Order No. 100-100000

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



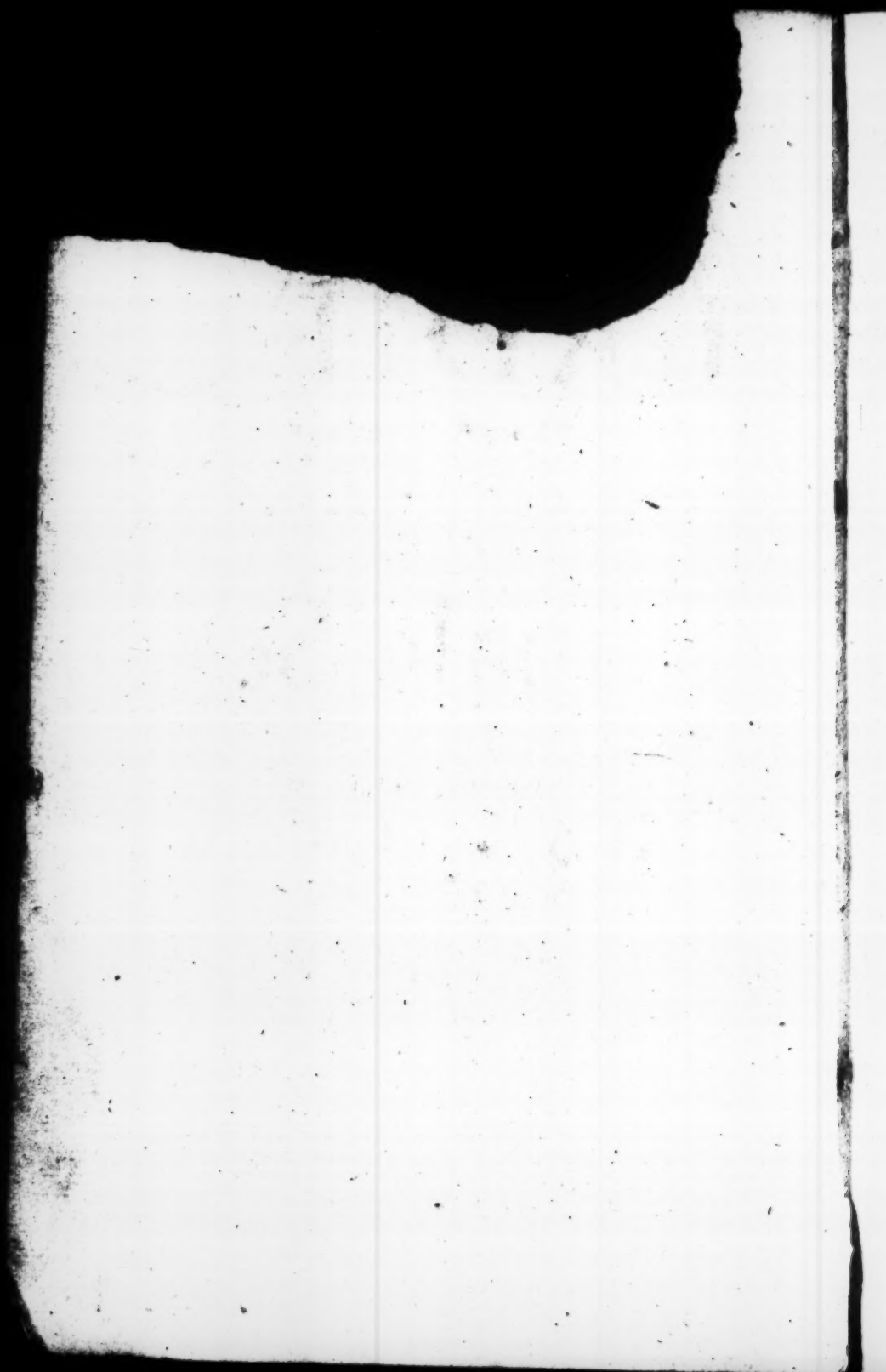
GIVEN IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915
KILLED IN ACTION
BOISLEUX-AU-MONT, FRANCE
MARCH 30, 1918

Do Not Photograph
Material in This
Photocopying File

No
Order No.

A
PRESENT
he FOR THE

J. H.



A
P R E S E N T
F O R T H E
L A D I E S :
B E I N G A N
Historical Vindication
O F T H E
Female Sex.

To which is added, The
C H A R A C T E R
Of an Accomplish'd
V I R G I N , W I F E , and W I D O W ,
In V E R S E .

L O N D O N ,
Printed for Francis Saunders, at the *Blue Anchor*
in the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*, 1692.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915

Mar 4, 1927

THE PREFACE.

TIS a sort of Knight-Errantry to draw a Pen in Defence of the Female Sex, and taken for a kind of Challenge by most of Ours. We have with such confidence laid claim to all the nobler Faculties, that the World is half perswaded we have Right for the Pretence. Some few amongst us have generously expos'd the Cheat, and with the fortune of all Reformers been accounted Hereticks to Mankind for their pains. Yet such I have ventur'd to Copy in this little Treatise, and thought

The Preface.

it no Sacriledge in the Ladies defence to take down from their own Temple the consecrated Weapons of their former Champions. At least, I must seem as pardonable a Plagiary as any of their modern Satyrists, harmless Creatures in themselves, and only indebted to others for their Venom.

'Tis the hard Fortune of Ladies to create Enemies by their Repulses, and to become subjects of slander, because they will not be guilty. The few Examples, cited in this Treatise, (out of infinite numbers in History) sufficiently justify their vertuous Accomplishments and Qualifications upon all accounts. And even the Imperfections we charge upon them will be found in greater measure to lye at our own doors.

We tax them with Inconstancy, whereas they are seldom or never seen to change, without just grounds, when
they

The Preface.

they have once condescended to dispose of their Hearts. Which is so far from being reputed a Crime in our selves, that it is almost scandalous for a Man to be thought a Constant Lover.

Neither is this wholly to be imputed to the Degeneracy of the present corrupted Age, since it was practis'd by several Men of the first Rank, in former Times : for was not *Theseus* as inconstant to *Ariadne*, as the effeminate *Paris* to *Oenone* ? Was it not the Ingratitude of Heroes that more than half furnish'd *Ovid* with Subjects for his Epistles ?

Reservedness and a just Value for their own Worth we too often misconstrue for Pride in them. A worthy Esteem for her own Dignity is perhaps one of the most useful Precepts that can be read to a young Lady in the School of *Vertue*. The constant Practice of the World convinces us, that no Merit can support its necessary Character, that

The Preface.

has not learnt to put some reasonable value upon it self. Yet experience tells us, as often as any laudable occasion requires their Compassion or Assistance, the Angels themselves are scarcely more ready to forget their Stations and condescend to Offices of *Charity*.

If they appear with the Ornaments of Dress, it is no more than their Sex's Privilege, who were made for Natures greatest *Triumph*. Lustre and Value is inherent to Diamonds and precious Gems, yet who can find fault to see them set in *Gold*?

If by *Pride* we mean *Vanity of Mind*, let us fix the Instances in what we please, and I am afraid that our Sex will appear more guilty of that frailty than theirs. Perhaps it is not the smallest Instance of our *Vanity* to flatter our selves, that we are able to flatter them. Can the Female Register present us with any thing so vain as *Xerxes*, who imagin'd
to

The Preface.

to scourge the Sea into calmness? or like *Nero*, to enter on a common Stage and supplicate the Applause of his Subjects, (to say nothing of his setting the Imperial City on fire, to heighten his diversion, while he play'd the Destruction of *Troy*)? so prodigal as *Alexander*, who, according to *Plutarch*, spent twelve Millions upon *Hephestion's* Tomb, when it was doubted if the current Cash of the World would answer so prodigious a Sum? Was it not his own Vanity, that caus'd him to set up for the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*; and the Temperance of his Mother *Olympias*, that checkt his foolish Ambition, and desired him not to make *Juno* jealous? can the extravagance of *Cleopatra* her self compare with *Heliogabalus*, who filled his Fish-ponds with Rose-water, and suppli'd his Lamps with Balsam of *Arabia*?

The Preface.

There is yet another Weakness wherewith we are wont to charge them, and that is, in point of *Secrecy*. The worthy keeping of a Secret entrusted to us, is certainly one of the noblest Talents whereof Humane Nature is capable; and if Women were not Mistresses of this Heroical Quality, the Fable of the *Syrens* would be made true, and the Sex would be only so many Charming Treacheries. But certainly they have all the reason and justice in the World to dispute this Matter with us, which if it were to be fairly decided by Precedents, the Ballance would undoubtedly turn on their side.

'Tis reported indeed of a *Roman Lady*, the Wife of *Fulvius* the intimate Favourite of *Augustus*, that she committed the indiscretion of divulging a Secret, that in the consequence must prove fatal to the Life of her Husband;

How-

The Preface.

However, we are assur'd by the same Authors, that she was no sooner sensible of her Error, but she endeavour'd to expiate it by her own voluntary Death.

We must first justify the Conspiracy of *Cataline*, before we can well blame *Curius* his Mistress for the Discovery she made.

But where the Cause is honourable, and the Service and Safety of one's Country concern'd, there is nothing more celebrated in History than *Female Fidelity*. Where have we any thing parallel to *Epicarmis* the Roman Lady, whom all the Threats of *Nero* could never compel to discover the Accomplices in the Plot with which she was made acquainted: He could by no means make her speak against the purpose she had taken of keeping a Secret of that importance. The sight of Torments shook the Resolution of the
Un-

The Preface.

Undertakers, but she prevented the Executioners, and made the Tyrant confess, that she had more *Constancy* and *Discretion* than the very *Men* that form'd the Design, had *Weakness* and *Irresolution*.

'Tis then a necessary Consequence, That Women are capable of *Friendship*. He that will not allow, that this Vertue is understood and practis'd by them in the most perfect degree, must never have read the Names of *Orinda* and *Leucasia*. 'Tis but seldom they can have occasion of exercising this Vertue without scandal, beyond the sphere of their own Sex. A most eminent Divine of our Church, and Friend of the forementioned *Orinda*, to whom he address'd his most excellent Treatise of the *Measures and Offices of Friendship*, He tells us, 'tis disputable whether have been more *Illustrious* in their *Friendships*, *Men* or *Women*. He further adds,
that

The Preface.

that vertuous Women are the Beauties of Society and the Prettinesses of Friendships ; and when we consider, that few persons in the World have all those Excellencies by which Friendship can be useful and illustrious, we may as well allow Women as Men to be Friends, since they have all those Qualifications that can be necessary and essential to Friendships : And we shall do too much honour to the Female Sex if we reject them from Friendships because they are not perfect ; for if to Friendships we admit imperfect Men, (no Man being perfect) he that rejects Women, finds fault with them because they are not more perfect than Men, which either does secretly affirm, that they ought and can be perfect, or else it openly accuses Men of Injustice and Partiality.

If any other Imperfections should be objected against the Sex than what is here mention'd, I make no question they will be found more justifiable upon every such account than Ours. However,

The Preface.

ever, I thought this short Apology requisite to precede the ensuing *History* of their *Vertues*. For which Historical Way of Vindication, two Reasons offer'd themselves, both as it seem'd the most proper Method of doing Justice to the fair Sex, *Examples* being *Demonstrations* in the Case: And that their Cause would thus receive least prejudice by any Defects of mine in Style or Language. For, proceeding upon the Testimonies of History, there was little more left for me to do than barely to *Translate* or *Transcribe*. Plainness of Expression being most natural in matter of Evidence, and Truth incapable of receiving advantage by any Colours of *Rhetorick* or *Fancy*.

Lastly, In Defence both of this Undertaking and the Method pursu'd in the following Treatise, I have follow'd, as well as I could, the Direction of *Montaigne* in his *Essays*, in his Chapter of three *Illustrious Examples of Female Vertue*.

These

The Preface.

These are (says He) my Three Stories, which I find as Divertive and Tragick as any of those we make out of our own Heads, wherewith to entertain the People. I wonder that they who are addicted to such Relations, do not rather cull out a thousand fine Stories which are to be found in very good Authors, that would save them the trouble of Inventing, but be more useful and diverting. He that would make a Collection of them would need to add nothing of his own, but the Connexion only, as it were the Sodder of another Metal, &c.

I shall therefore pretend to be no more than a *Collector* in this Essay, (the Method and Connexion excepted) and if I have not always made choice of the best Examples the respective Subjects would afford, yet I have at least taken such as are capable of affording some Entertainment. I shall reckon, that I have done enough by way of *Original*, if the three *Additional Characters* may endure

The Preface.

dure Reading after the Historical Instances. 'Tis my comfort, that the Female Sex can no more be dishonour'd by my imperfect *Oblation*, than it can stand in need of our *Panegyricks* to support their Reputation ; being in this particular like the *Divine Nature* describ'd by *Lucretius*,

Ipsa suis pollens opibus nil indiga nostri.

Enrich with their own *Excellence*, they shine,
Nor want our *Worship* to become *Divine*.

T H E

THE
CONTENTS
OR

Principal Matters, Illustrated by
Examples in the ensuing Treatise.

THE Dignity and Pre-eminence of the
Female Sex in the Manner of their
Creation.

The Sovereignty and Force of Beauty.

The Vertues, Graces, Arts, Sciences, &c. describ'd as Female.

Their Commiseration and Charity.

Women eminent for Learning, &c.

Of their Prudence and Discretion.

Their Generosity and Magnanimity.

Their

The CONTENTS.

Their Constancy and Stability of Mind.

Their Temperance, Meekness, Innocency, Modesty, Chastity.

Conjugal Affection and Piety towards Husbands.

Their Piety towards Parents, and other Relations.

Their Devotion or Piety towards God.

Their Fortitude.

Their good Services to their Country.

To Kingdoms and States.

Their Capacity for Government.

The Conclusion.

A N

Historical Vindication

O F T H E

F E M A L E S E X.

IF Art were necessary in the Charming Sex's Defence, I should have declin'd the Undertaking ; but since there is no more requir'd for their Advantage, than setting Things in a true Light, I shall commit their Cause to impartial Sincerity and their own Merit: which will sufficiently furnish us from its own rich stock, without traversing the Fairy Regions of Invention.

Since we are apt to reproach them up as high as *Eve*, I know not why we

B should

should not appeal to the Creation for their Dignity and Preeminence. We there find our first Father Created like a Commoner in the open Field, amongst the Brutes of the Earth, and form'd of the self-same Mold: the Woman of more delicate Composition, and framed of a Rib taken from the Man; from whence, according to the force of the Original Language, the Creator is said to have *made* Man, but to have *built* Woman. The divine Artifice was first exercis'd upon the Elements and inanimate Productions, after these upon inferior Animals, who were succeeded by the Man, and He by the Woman, who was the Consummation of the Works of God. The Man was put into the Garden, where the Woman made her first Appearance like a Queen in her Native Palace, when all things were fitted for her Entertainment. Since when by a particular Priviledge of Nature,

ture, she carries in her looks an Air of Paradise. If she occasion'd the Expulsion of the Man from his happy Seat, she brought all the Beauty of *Eden* in her own Person. We find *Adam* complaining of Paradise without his *Eve*, but never after Exile, of his *Eve* without Paradise.

This Sovereignty of Beauty is a Privilege born with the Sex, and the only thing whereof we have at no time been able to divest them. The Moroseness of the Philosopher, the Speculation of the Recluse, the business of the Statesman, nor the Fatigues of the Warriour, have render'd them insensible of its Charms. By the prevalency of this resistless Spell, they have baffled the Resolution of the wise, and disarm'd the Resentments of the most furious. By this Triumph of Nature they have effected what was despair'd by the Art and strength of Man. In the lowest

Ebb of Fortune they have wrought those Wonders, and brought to pass those Revolutions, that have astonisht Mankind, and left them silent Admirers of the Performance. It was by the Force of her Beauty, that *Abigail* prevented the incensed *David* from extirpating her Family, a devoted Sacrifice to Destruction, for the churlishness and indiscretion of her Husband. 'Twas the Intercession of Beautiful *Esther* that reversed the deplorable Condition of her Countrymen. *Judith* by the same Harmless Magick preserved her Nation from Ruin. Nothing on Earth could compare with the Extent of *Job's* Afflictions but his Piety : His Sufferings and Submission were equally without Precedent; but after all, as the greatest Earthly Reward that Providence could find for his unparallel'd Patience, it blest him with Daughters surpassing all other Women in Beauty. For the Truth of this Topic

pick I dare appeal to every Man that has Eyes and a Heart. If Mankind were consulted, we should scarce find one Individual of so cold and Saturnine a Temper, who has not seen some Face that charm'd him.

Let us hearken to the Sentiments of Nature, that is always true in her first and unprejudic'd Decisions.

It is reported of a Persian Monarch, who for many years had no Issue, and being desirous to have an Heir of his own Body, upon his earnest Supplication to the Gods, he obtain'd his Wishes in the Birth of a Son. So unexpected a Favour made him more than ordinarily solicitous for the Education of the Child, and his future Fortunes; wherefore he sent to the Astrologers for an exact Calculation of his Nativity. They return'd him Answer, That if the Infant saw Sun or Moon at any time within the space of Ten Years, he would most

certainly be deprived of sight. The King thereupon caused a Cell to be cut for him in a deep Rock, recommending him to the Care of a Learned Tutor to instruct him in the liberal Arts. The Time being expired, and He permitted to come into open Day, they brought before him a Dog, a Horse, a Lyon, with several others the most beautiful of Creatures, whereof he had been told, but knew not how to distinguish them. He shewed some Complacency in the sight of them, but without any Transport, and asking their respective Names, he passed them over. They likewise shewed him Silver, Gold and Gemms, which he survey'd with as little Regard. The King at length commanded certain beautiful Virgins, and richly attir'd, to be brought into his Presence, whom the Prince no sooner beheld, but with a strange Alacrity in his Countenance, and Ecstasy of Spirit, he demanded

ded what kind of Creatures they were, by what Names they were called, and to what use Created. His Tutor jestingly reply'd, *These be those evil Spirits of whom I have so often told you, the great Seducers of Mankind.* To which the Prince warmly made Answer, *If you have better Angels, make much of them, good Tutor; but leave me to be attended by these pretty Devils.* If this Relation be not true in Fact, it is certainly so in Nature; and whensoever the same Circumstances shall happen, I will answer for the same Event.

Antiquity has left us no surer Monument of its Justice and Wisdom, than in describing the Graces to be of the Female Sex. The Muses, that is to say, the Faculties of the Mind, the Arts and Sciences have with just deference to the Sex, been accounted Female by the Learned in all Ages: There was no means more effectual to render them

desirable, than under those Ideas. If the Fiction of the Ancients were grounded upon Instruction (as we must needs allow) we shall find the *Virtues* (One and All) intirely rang'd on the Female side ; whereas in the Emblems of Vices they have made them at worst but sharers with us. Peace, Plenty, Liberty, with all other Blessings of Life, are represented as Females. The Seasons of the Year they have divided betwixt us, but even there have assign'd to them the Spring and Summer, reserving to us the Autumn and Winter. A distinction that is highly agreeable to our respective Tempers ; Sweetness, Compassion and Courtesy, being as natural to the Female Sex ; as Moroseness and Churlishness is to Ours. I cannot present you with a more lively and genuine Description of this Difference, than in the Words of the injur'd *Aspasia*, where she comes in Disguise to enquire for *Aminor* :

How

*How sullenly this Fellow answer'd me?
There's an untoward Churlishness in Man
Unknown to Women; all the Men I meet
Appear thus to me, they are harsh and rude, &c.*

If we pretend to that Commiseration and charitable Disposition that is peculiar to the tender Sex, we equally abuse our selves and them. The Presumption could scarcely be more absurd and vain in us, to contend with them in Charms. We had never any other Tradition of the Compassionate *Phœnix* than as a Female Bird, nor other notion of the destructive *Basilisk* than of a Male. If we raise our Imaginations above this sublunary Sphere, what can we better conceive of the Stars than that they are bright and beneficial; what can we ascribe to Angels themselves to express their Perfection, more than that we believe them to be Good and Fair. As for their other Qualifications, they transcend our humane Notion,

on, and can no more be pretended unto (in their sublime Degree) by our Sex, than the Female. 'Tis sufficient for their Purpose, if Female Intellects are as capable of improvement in any Art or Science as our own.

It must not be expected that the Ladies Register should produce an equal number of Instances; 'tis enough for them that they have in no Age wanted several such Examples as could encounter us at any exercise of Wit, and give us leave to chuse our Weapon. We would think it unreasonable to have our Ancestors Chronicled for Blockheads, when the Clergy engrossed Learning to themselves, and when it was flat Heresy for a Lay-man to be able to write or read. Do but consider how dullness was successively entail'd upon Posterity for several Ages, by the Incursions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*. Call to mind but the short Reign of a *Jack Cade*, when
the

the honest Lord Say could no sooner come out with a *Quis furor O Cives*, but it conjur'd the Stones up from the Pavement, and brought them in a Volley at his Head : Knock him down, cries the *Mob*, He speaks Latin. If this blessed Government had continu'd, what would have become of those Lights that discover'd the dark Holds of Superstition, and blaz'd into a Reformation ? Would not *Cranmer* and *Ridley* have been more terrified with a School-master, than with *Bonner*. Would not Sir *Tho. Moor* have sooner chosen to travel to his own *Utopia*, than through the eight Parts of Speech ? Custom, believe me, has been a perpetual *Cade* and *Tyler* to the Female Sex. Let us but consider how few of them have had the opportunity of their Faculties, being brought to the Test, and how many of that number surpassed Expectation. On the other side, amongst the Legions, that
of

of our Tribe have been put to the Tryal, how few deserved to have their Names transmitted to Posterity? I say, let us cast up the Reckoning on both sides, and then boast of the Computation, if we can.

Should we not swell a Volume in reciting but the very Names of Ladies famous for all sorts of Learning both Ancients and Moderns? *Adesia* of *Alexandria*, the Kinswoman of *Syrianus* the Philosopher, is highly celebrated by *Suidas* for her Skill in all Sciences. *Nicostrata* helped to make up the Number of the *Greek Alphabet*, and added to the *Roman Letters*. *Aspasia* the *Milesian* was skilled in all Philosophical Studies, and a fluent Rhetorician: *Socrates* himself was contented to imitate her in his *Facultas Politica*, and blushed not to call *Diotima* his Tutress. *Arete*, surnamed *Cyrenaica*, and Wife of *Aristippus* the Philosopher, attained to that perfection
of

of knowledge, that she instructed her Son in all the liberal Arts, by whose direction he became so famous a Professor: She her self erected a School of Philosophy, where she frequently read to a full Auditory. *Agallis* was illustrious in the Art of Grammar. *Dama* the Daughter of *Pythagoras* successfully imitated her Father. His Sister *Themistoclea* was so practis'd a Student, that in many of his Works (as he himself confesses) he implored her Advice and Judgment. *Istrina* Queen of *Scythia* instructed her Son in the Greek Tongue. *Cornelia* the Wife of *Africanus*, and Mother to that noble Family of the *Gracchi*, left behind her several Epistles most elaborately Learned; insomuch, that *Quintilian* tells us, *We are obliged to the Matron Cornelia for the Eloquence of the Gracchi*. The Daughters of *Lælius* are reported by the same Author, to have excelled and refined the Eloquence of their Father.

ther. The Oratory of the two *Licinius*, flowed hereditarily from *L. Crassus*. *Amalasuntba* according to *Fulgos*. was not only practised in the Greek and Latin Tongues, but also spake distinctly all the Barbarous Languages that were used in the *Eastern Empire*. We might perhaps compound with *Destiny* for the Recovery of *Zenobia's Eastern Annals*, with even those of *Tacitus*, or the Commentaries of *Cesar*, and be no great Losers. *Marullus* in his Catalogue of *Philosophers*, reports, *Diodorus Socraticus* to have had no less than Five Daughters at once, who were all great Disputants, and skilled in *Logick*; To whom we may well subjoyn the Four Learned Daughters of our own Sir *Anthony Cook*, in the Days of Queen *Elizabeth*, who was Her-self a Royal Repository of Learning. There would be no end of the *Catalogue*, though we should confine the Reckoning to Ladies of our own Nation :

Nation : But we must also do some justice to our Neighbours, and speak with Astonishment of those Female Prodigies of Learning, Madam Schu-
deric and *La Fevre* ; by whose Illustrations, *Horace*, *Terence*, *Plautus*, *Aristophanes*, &c. are at this Day understood in *France*, after the same manner as they were in *Old Greece* and *Rome*. If Communi-
 cation with the *Divine Powers* be an Argument of Seraphick Souls, let us remember the Prophetesses amongst the *Jews*, and *Sibyls* among the *Heathens*. If *Poe-try* be a sort of habitual Inspiration, and consequently the most exalted Faculty of the Mind, we may save our selves the Trouble of going to *Greece* or *Rome*, and content our selves with our own In-
 comparable *Orinda* : Let our *Traders* in the Talent out-write the Works of *Mr. Cowley*, and till then take Example by his Modesty, who thought it no Complement to lay his Laurel at her Feet.

For

For our Pretenders to Converſing Wit in Rallery and Repartée, the miſerable Examples that we every Day ſee made of them, in the *Drawing Rooms, Mall* and *Theatre*, would put any thing but the incorrigible Fopps out of Countenance: 'Tis true, they have one certain Retreat in their Extremity, to which the Modesty of a Lady cannot purſue them, where like the *Scuttle-Fiſh*, they ſecure themſelves in their own Filth.

But Diſcretion, you will tell me, is a different Talent, and much more valuable than Wit. I grant you that if they were brought to the Balance, a Grain of the one would out-weigh an Ounce of the other: Many are born to the former, but the latter is commonly the Purchase of dear Experience. *Humanum eſt errare*, is an *Adage*, that one time or other comes home to all our Doors: Yet if the Conduct of Men and Women were exactly calculated, and the
Ship-

Ship-wrecks of Indiscretion in both Parties compared, we should find who had made the most unfortunate Voyages. Besides, Women seldom prove Unfortunate without being indebted to us for their Ruine; whereas our own Destruction is, for the most part only Chargeable upon our selves.

If by Discretion be meant Prudence in Exigences, they seldom fail of Steering a right Course; We have more Sea-room to Sail in, whereas Honour and Modesty in the Nicest Appearances, meet them at every turn: We have seldom the Luck or Patience to find the Golden Mean, or to temper our Neglects with Respect: whereas they are Careful not to Offend, where they cannot Oblige. They have the Art of managing even our Repulses with Sweetness, and (when the Address is Aspiring and Disproportion'd) of Expressing a good Nature in their very Denials.

C

We

We have a memorable and generous Instance of this Conduct in *Isabel* Infanta of *Spain*; this Lady had always retain'd the nicest Sense of Virtue, and deference to the Punctilio's of Honour, even to a *Spanish Rigour*: She was never forgetful of her Birth and Quality, yet acted nothing wherein she shewed not an Air of Civility, and by a ready Prudence that was habitual to her, made even her Severities Obliging.

A certain Knight who was no less wounded in his Head, than his Heart, having entertain'd her with some Discourse, in which by some scatter'd Expressions, He seem'd to discover a secret Disorder and Passion: The Princess imputing it to a spice of Lunacy, conceived more Pity than Anger for Him: Wherefore to free Her-self obligingly from his Importunities, she procured the King her Father to give him an Honourable Employment, attended
with

with a good Revenue, which carried him far enough off from *Spain*. By which prudent Method she satisfied Vertue and Honour without Exasperating the Graces, proving at once so Rigorous and Indulgent to her Melancholy Admirer, that with the same Stroak she punished his Love, and made him a Fortune. Neither was the Charity of this *Infanta* Remarkable only for Condescending: it had sometimes the Honour of Ascending, even to Crowned Heads, and distressed Princesses, while the Remedies she prepared for their wounded Fortunes were so agreeable, and the Hand that touch'd them so skilful, as to Charm the Anguish, and to take away the Feeling, and almost the very Remembrance of their Falls.

If the Oracle of *Apollo* declared *Socrates* the Wisest of Men, *Socrates* himself confesses that his *Diotima* taught him that

Wisdom and Prudence which the Gods themselves judged to be Incomparable.

When *Theseus* was in the Labyrinth, exposed to the *Minotaur*, who contrived him the means of his Escape, but *Ariadne*? without the Clue which she gave him, his Strength and Courage could have stood him in little stead; neither could he ever have unwinded himself off from these Mazes. What could the Prudence of the Ancients mean by this Labyrinth, but the Intricacy of Affairs? The Clue is an Emblem of Wisdom, and *Ariadne* represents the Judicious of her Sex, who Rescue Men in Extremity, from which they could never deliver themselves.

When *Jason* was given over as a Prey to the Fire-breathing Bulls that guarded the *Golden Fleece*; was it not *Medea* that Charm'd them, and freed a Passage for her *Heroe* to carry away that Prize, which no body durst undertake? By the

the *Bull* they understood the Perils that commonly intercept the Access to our Desires; by the *Fleece*, our Designs and Pretensions; by *Medea*, ingenious Women that can charm Dangers, and have no other Spell but their own Discretion, to deliver those that like *Jason*, have more Boldness than Dexterity, and are better at Undertaking than Finding the proper means of Accomplishing their Wishes.

The *Germans* formerly, and our own *Britains*, held their Women in Reverence, as looking upon them to have a sort of Foresight into the Issue of Affairs: They are indeed frequently endu'd with such a Natural Sagacity, as seems to carry with it a kind of Inspiration. If Husbands, in Matters of greatest Importance, had always vouchsafed to Consult their Wives, 'tis more than probable that the World had never seen so many Men of ruin'd For-

runes ; the false Step (of what kind soever) that is fatal to a Family, being commonly a Secret to the Wife : For as certainly as she knows the Danger, she is sure to prevent it, unless the Husband be incorrigible in Destruction.

I must here add, That as our Sex are seldom chargeable with Acts of Favour, so there is generally a depraved mixture of Interest in our best Services ; we seldom oblige without a Prospect of Return ; our Benefits are rather sold than bestowed ; that which should be the most dis-interested thing in the World, even Friendship it self, is in most of us an Art. On the other side, there is generally such a Sincerity conspicuous in the Female, as appears to be the natural Result of their Temper : They are formed to Cherish and Relieve, and while they are dispensing Benefits, they seem but auspicious Planets acting in
their

their proper Sphere. 'Tis true, that the Course of Affairs, and Custom of the World, has not so frequently put into their Hands the Opportunities of doing Good : yet as these Opportunities are rarely neglected by the Few that have them, the *Disposition* is hardly ever wanting in any of the Rest. The Box of Oyntment was truly Precious, and for its Value, could vie with the richest Incense of the *Temple*. The *Mite* was despicable in it self, yet through the good Will and Condition of the *Donor*, became a more acceptable *Present* than the whole Treasure of the *Corban* beside.

But this charitable sort of Generosity or Tenderneſs, for the Wants and Miseries of the Distressed, we are the more willing to allow to the Female Sex, by reason of an invidious reserve of thought, which we form concerning it: We are apt to impute it to a Pusillanimity

of Spirit in them, and misconstrue their Compassion as a weakness in their Temper: We have indeed the Advantage over them in that sort of Magnanimity, that can look upon the Sufferings of Others, with an Heroical Unconcernedness. A very *Priest* and *Levite* could shew themselves *Heroes* upon such a Test, who with a most manly Indifference struck off from the stript and wounded Person in the Highway: It was only for a Stranger and a *Samaritan* to be so poor-spirited as to shew a Commiseration. I know not whether it be not from this abused Notion, that we distort the word *Pitiful*, applying it to mean and degenerate Things.

Being therefore enter'd upon this *Topick*, I think my self oblig'd in Justice to the fair and tender Sex, to enquire whether or no they are not endued with, and as capable of that Sublime and Philosophical Generosity, which
we

we arrogate entirely to our Selves, under the Notion of Magnanimity.

That this Gallantry or Greatness of Mind, by the peculiar Name of Honour, should be appropriated to our Sex, is certainly a great Injustice, Nature having made at least an equal Distribution of the Principle to both Sexes. Shameful Experience assures us, that it is but some Men who are born with Inclinations to what is Glorious: And to affirm that there have not been Women as Remarkable and Illustrious upon this account as the most Noble Precedents amongst us; is a Contradiction to living Instances, and the course of History through all Ages. The whole *Annals* of Greece and Rome will rise up in the Ladies Vindication, and muster up a Female Army more Numerous than any of the *Amazons*. I shall mention one Modern Example, as I find it in an approved *French Historian*.

rian, and that is of Madam Frances Cezely, the Lady of Barry.

Whilst Henry the Third fought against the Head of the *League*, the Provinces were torn in Pieces by their own Members : The Confederates only wanted *Laucate* in *Languedock* to become absolute Masters of that Province, and to have free Commerce with Spain, which was a great Supporter of the *League*. Being out of Hopes to possess it by force of Arms, they had Recourse to Strategem, or rather Treachery : *Monsieur de Barry* who held *Laucate* for the King, being gone out of the Town upon a short Cessation of Arms, fell into an *Ambuscade* which was laid for him.

The Confederates of the *League* being thus possessed of the Governour, conceived *Laucate* to be as good as taken in his Person : But they were not yet Masters of his Fidelity and Constancy ;

stancy; Or in case they had been so, there was yet a stronger Reserve of Fidelity and Constancy to be attack'd : I speak of his Wife, (the forementioned Lady) whom he had privately Advertized of his Misfortune , enjoyning her by a few Words written with a Coal upon his Handkerchief, to Repair as soon as possibly she could to the Town of *Laucate*. This generous Lady, without deliberation upon the Orders, because Expedition was particularly recommended to her, immediately put to Sea; where narrowly escaping the Danger of the Elements and Frigats of the Enemy, she at length Arrived at *Laucate*.

Her Husband the *Monsieur de Barry*, in the mean time, was carried Prisoner to *Narbonne*, where he was continually Attempted with Magnificent Presents, with Promises of Governments and Pensions; which proving ineffectual, he

was

was at last pressed with Words of Terror, and Threats of Death were added against his Wife and Children, in case he provided not for their Safety, by a sudden delivering up of the aforesaid Town.

These Menaces proving likewise ineffectual, they presented themselves before *Laucate*, and demanded to speak with *Madam de Barry*, who was already prepared for the most sad Events that so dismal a Beginning could produce: They acquainted her that her Husband was their Prisoner, that with his lost Liberty, he had likewise a Life to lose; nevertheless that Both depended on Her: That an easie Ransom should be set upon Him, without Alienating his Lands, Emptying his Coffers, or Pawning his Jewels; In a word, that He should be Restored to Her for the bare Keys of *Laucate*.

'Tis evident what resolute Gallantry
was

was requisite for a Lady to acquit Herself with Honour in so perillous an Attempt. The Answer she return'd to the Proposal of exchanging *Laucate* and her Loyalty for her Husband, was in these Terms : That she owed her first and highest Affections to her King and Country. That she loved her Husband entirely, and had the greatest Tenderness imaginable for him. That she understood the worth of him better than any body ; that were he to be sold innocently and at lawful Ransom, she would not only Alienate her Lands, and Divest her self of her Jewels to Redeem him ; but make Money of her very Blood and Death for the Purchase. That notwithstanding even for his Sake, she would never violate her Trust, nor barter one single Point of her Conscience ; or if in case she should, he himself would be the first that would find fault with the Bargain : But could he forget his Honour, I can never (said she) be unmindful of his or my own : I understand what I owe to my Family, and
much

much better what I owe to my Country.

The Confederates of the *League* being Overcome and Repulsed in this first Assault, did not yet desist, but continu'd the Battery of their Sollicitations for the space of Seven Weeks: Sometimes they Swore to make her Husband suffer all sorts of Torments; other-times they threaten'd to send him back to her by Piece-meal: And indeed the doleful and tragick Execution that follow'd, shewed that they spoke in good earnest, the *Monsieur de Barry* being afterwards strangled in his Chamber by the Hand of an Executioner.

In the mean time, there had been kept in Custody within the Governour's House, one *Monsieur de Loupian*, a Gentleman of Quality and of great Esteem with the Confederates, though no ways concern'd in the War; *Monsieur Montmorancy* who had kept him Prisoner, gave him in Charge to *Madam de Barry*,
that

that he might be Responsible to her for the Life of her Husband, in case the Enemy should lay violent Hands upon Him while he was in their possession: Wherefore the dead Body of *Monsieur de Barry* being now sent back to the Town, it so strangely incensed the Garrison, that the Souldiers in their first heat of Rage, ran furiously to the Governour's House, with a Resolution to kill *Monsieur de Loupian*. This Person was no ways accessary to the Injury that provoked them, yet doubtless there had been an End of him in this Tumult, if the greatest Sufferer, *Madam de Barry* her-self had not been Humane and Generous beyond the ordinary Course of Nature; she forgot her own Sorrows in the very Extremity of them, to do a Noble piece of Justice, and put in practice the most transcendent Maxims of Morality: She presented her-self before the exasperated Troops, speaking

king so Efficaciously, and with so powerful and perswasive a Grace of *Monsieur de Loupian's* Innocency, of the Crime they themselves were about to commit, in making him undergo the Penalty of a Murther whereof he was not guilty; of the Punishment God would inflict upon the Offence; that she appeased their Spirits, and diverted their Fury.

Addressing her-self afterward to her Son *Hercules*, whom the Souldiers had followed; she reminded him of the Heroick Clemency of his Father, the Patrimony of Glory which his Death had purchased to their Family; the Stain which the unjustly spilt Blood of *Monsieur de Loupian* would bring upon their Reputation; the Repentance which follows precipitate Anger and unlawful Revenges; the Protection they ought to expect from the great Father of *Orphans* and Defender of *Widows*.

Now

Now I dare Appeal to the worst of *Monsters*, I mean a *Woman-Hater*, if this Goodness and Compassion of Mind that appear'd in the *Madam de Barry*, was not attended with a proportionable Greatness and Gallantry. I am sure it was so in the Opinion of King *Henry the Great*, who esteemed nothing rashly and out of Fancy : He so highly prized this Act of Generosity, that when some Courtiers, affecting the Government of *Laucaie*, represented to him that a Place of such Importance was not safe in the Hands of a Woman : He reply'd, That he could repose more Trust in such a Woman, than in the ablest Man in his Kingdom.

We have something Parallel to the foregoing Story, in the Character of *Megistona* amongst the Ancients.

After that *Aristodemus* had usurped the Sovereignty of *Elida*, he expell'd the most considerable of the Citizens, who

at their departure, ask'd leave for their Wives to follow them in their Exile. He seemed to grant their Request; but soon after, when he found that the Wives were indeed prepared to be gone, he put many of them to Death, and confined the rest to Prison. But (as Tyranny is usually no less hurtful to those that exercise it, than those that endure it; and that there is little safety for him that has as many Enemies as Subjects.) *Aristodemus* began to apprehend his Fall; News was brought him, that the banished Citizens had made a Body, and joyned together to come and Besiege *Elida*. The Tyrant being now in Despair, conscious of his own Weakness, and finding no readier Remedy, went furiously to the Prison, to compel the Ladies there to write each to her respective Husband, in order to pacifie them. *Megistona*, a Lady of principal Quality amongst them, despised

despised his Commands, and without fearing the effects of his unjust Rage, made this Answer on her own behalf, and in the Name of all the rest,

Thou shewest (said she) That thou wantest Judgment as well as Courage, in entreating those whom thou hast used so ill, and in expecting Favour from them that never received any Mercy from Thee: The Darknes of this horrid Place, nor the Threats of Death, shall ever prevail with us to Betray our Country; for whose sake we will Resign to Thee our Lives as well as Liberty.

Aristodemus Exasperated with this Reply, commands the only Son of *Megistona* to be immediately brought forth and butcher'd in the Presence of his Mother. While this Tragedy was acting, the Tyrant was Besieged from without, and Conspired against by the Citizens within the Town, where at length he was kill'd in the Market-place. *Megistona* being now discharg'd

from Prison, had an Opportunity of shewing her self as Generous as she had been Courageous; She was so far from Gratifying a Mother's Revenge for the Slaughter of her onely Son, that she preserved the Daughters of *Aristodemus* from being torn to pieces by the mutinous People; Representing to them, that they should not make themselves Guilty of a Crime which they had punish'd, nor commit a Cruelty upon innocent Children in doing Justice upon the Father. I cannot omit one admirable Precedent more in two young *Virgins* of *Syracuse*, who were equally Generous and Resolute.

By the Intestine Sedition and Civil War in *Syracuse*, the whole Stock and Family of *Gelon* their King was quite extirpated, even to his only Daughter *Harmonia*: Against her Life also the Seditious had devored their Weapons, and tumultuously approach'd the Palace,

face, with resolution to Destroy her. In this Extremity, her Governess procured a young *Virgin* of resembling Features and Stature, whom she Attired in the Habit and Ornaments of the Princess, and so exposed Her to the Swords of the Outragious Souldiers. This Damosel was of that Constancy and Resolution, and of that unparall'd Gratitude to Her Royal Mistress, that the Terrour of imminent Death could not prevail upon her to reveal her self, or tell of what Condition she was: The Princess surprized at the Loyalty and Faith of her Hand-Maid, could no longer contain from calling out to the Murderers, Discovering her Self, and offering her own naked Breast to the Slaughter; saying, She was the Person for whom they sought: and only personated by the other to save the last Remains of the Royal Stock. Notwithstanding which Declaration,

D 3

claration, the Servant still persisted in affirming her self to be the Princess. While therefore they mutually contended for Death, the Souldiers to make sure of the Right, dispatched Both. Thus perished They with equal Generosity, the One by a Fallacy handsomly Conceal'd, the Other by a Truth as generously Confest; and Both with an Admirable Undaunted Constancy.

But to this Generosity and other commendable Qualities in the Sex, ill Nature may reply, That such shining Lights in the Female Firmament, are rather Meteors than fixed Stars: That in the very Zenith of their Perfections, they are Excentrick, irregular and inconstant.

The want of Constancy is a Charge which we are so accusom'd to throw upon them, that we are grown almost to believe our selves while we are casting the Aspersion.

I speak

I speak not now of that Constancy in their *Affections*, which we shall hereafter have occasion to Consider, but of that Stability and Steadiness of Mind to which we are such bold Pretenders. If Visibilty and Permanence be as inseparable a Mark of true *Philosophy*, as it is of a true *Church*; I know not where to find the Practice or Habit more constant and perspicuous than in Female Minds: Yet so strong has been our Prejudice against this Truth, that *Brutus* himself, the best natur'd of *Romans*, was doubtful of meeting with this Resolution and steadiness in a very Daughter of *Cato*. Whilst he was meditating upon the Deliverance of the *Commonwealth* from the Usurpation of *Cesar*, he was cautious of communicating a Secret of that Importance to his beloved *Porcia*. She had Sagacity enough to suspect the Enterprize he was undertaking, and had already Conspired with him in her

Heart and Spirit : But since her Husband seemed to mistrust her Silence and Fidelity, she gave him a *Roman* Proof and Assurance by striking a Dagger through her Thigh, to satisfy him that she could perform the same, and with the same Indifference, upon any Vital Part when Occasion should require it. Thus she convinced him that any Secret might be safe in a Breast that could discharge its Life-blood to make room for it.

If you will say, that this voluntary Wound was the sudden Effect of her Resentment, and that she was transported for that Moment by a Woman's Pride ; yet you must allow the *Catastrophe* of her Life to be a premeditated piece of Gallantry, and as deeply rooted a Resolve as that of *Mithridates* or *Hannibal* him self. If *Scævola* miscarrying in his Enterprize, was justly Celebrated for thrusting his Erring Hand into the
Fire ;

Fire; what *Encomiums* are sufficient for *Porcia*, who not only adventur'd to put her Hand into burning Coals, but also to bring them forth from the Hearth, and thrust them glowing down her Throat? What had her Father *Cato* done Greater to rescue himself from the Tyranny of *Cesar*? Or her Husband *Brutus* to Defeat the Victory of *Anthony*? The Advantage of Difference lies wholly on *Porcia's* side. The Deaths of *Cato* and *Brutus* had Precedents, none ever dyed like *Porcia*.

Whither should we repair for an Example Stoical Constancy but to the Wife of *Seneca*? who without any Commotion of Spirit, caused her own Veins to be open'd as soon as she saw the Sentence against her Husband put in Execution: Whilst he bled, she likewise bleeding heard his dying Lectures, Her self moralizing at the same time with a silent and unalter'd Countenance. He had

had long been Professor of the *Vertue* he now put in practice; He was become decay'd in his Strength and stooping with Age; She as yet in the Bloom of her Beauty, of flourishing Health and of Youth, to enjoy the vast Fortune he would have left her, a Fortune almost as large as that of the Empire it self. Surely this great Master who preach'd up the steady Contempt of Worldly Goods, had never a more resolute or better Disciple than his own *Pompeia Paulina*.

But to descend from these Austere and Philosophical Heights, to the more cheerful Walks of *Temperance, Mildness, Innocency, Modesty, Chastity*, and the rest; which may as properly be called *Graces* as *Vertues*, we shall find them chiefly possess'd by, as being the Natural Inheritance of the *Female Sex*. That no Women have forfeited their Birth-right in any of These, is no more to be affirm'd

firm'd than that none of the Angels have fallen : Every Woman is born to them, I may say, every Woman is born with them. The Sex is no more to be Reproached for some *Delinquents*, than the *Innocent* among the forementioned *Angels*. The *Legions* that kept their Station, shone the brighter for those that Fell.

Intemperance is visible in but few of the very worst amongst them ; *Meekness* is seldom disorder'd in them without great Provocation ; and as their Sex is generally more difficult to be Exasperated, they are more easie to Forgive than ours : 'Tis for the most part our Fault if they Injure us ; *Modesty* is so inherent to their Frame, that they cannot divest themselves of it without Violence to their Nature. We have heard of some Ladies who have been modest almost to a Crime.

Candaules

Candaules had the Vanity to expose his Queen Naked to the View of his Favourite *Gyges*, to shew him what a Treasure of Beauty he was possessed of; the Practice was not so dexterously manag'd, but the Lady was sensible of the Abuse, and requested her Husband to kill the conscious Spectator: which he refusing, she applyed her self to the Other, engaging him to kill the King. We hear of no former Disgust that she had to her Husband, but since he would not dispatch his Friend, her Modesty could not bear to have Two Witnesses of her Undressing alive at the same Time.

The *Thyades* or *Bacchanal* Women, whose Religion oblig'd them sometimes to Drink to Excess: As they wander'd up and down in the Fury of their Wine, it happen'd once that they came unwittingly into the City of *Amphissa*; where being wearied with their Raanblings,

Ramblings, they cast themselves dispersedly in the Market-place, where they fell asleep. The Matrons of the Town fearing lest some Injury might be offer'd them by the Souldiers there in Garison, watched by them in Person till Morning, guarding and girting their Cloaths about their Feet, that no Indecency might happen, and with a reverent Silence attended them till they awaked: Then finding them return'd to their Senses, they ministered to them all such Necessaries as the City afforded, and trusted them only to the Charge and Care of their Husbands to conduct them safely home to their own Cities. These *Bacchanals* were the Wives of their Enemies who were then actually in War with the *Amphisseans*; but this was no Consideration with these *Matrons* to make them neglect their just Care for the common Modesty of their Sex.

Some

Some have been so tender in this Point, that they have severely revenged the most harmless Accidents upon themselves. In most uncultivated Nations, the Women are not without a Sense of this *Vertue*. An *Indian* Girl in one of our Plantations, while she was ministring at Table, according to her Custom, it happen'd that in taking off a Dish, she slipt upon the Handle of a Knife that dropt out of her Hand, and in her Falling discovered part of her Body, whereof being sensible by the Company's laughing, she gave them as suddain Occasion to be Serious; for she was no sooner removed from their sight, but she drench'd the same Knife in her Lives-blood.

Fame is grown Hoarse with reciting the Story of *Lucretia*; 'Tis true, she acted the part of a *Roman Lady* under her Misfortune: But how many Thousands of the Sex have been before-hand
with

with Fate, who by a timely Dispatch to the Grave, did not suffer the threatened Violence to approach them ; By which means they left their Bodies as unspotted as their Souls. How many both of *Matrons* and *Virgins* have for ever Celebrated their Names by running to the Arms of Death, to avoid the Lawless Embraces of *Tyrants* ? For the Honour of our Nation, give me leave to mention our own Fair *Nuns* of *Winchester*, in the time of the *Danish Invasion* : They were Disciplin'd in a severer Religion than that of the *Roman Ladies* ; the Faith and Conscience they profess'd, not permitting to take the Refuge of a voluntary Fate. In this Difficulty, their Chastity taught them a Way that was at once more Daring and Innocent than a voluntary Destruction of their own Lives. For before the Approach of the Ravishers, they so disfigur'd their Beauties by cutting
off

off their own Noses and mangling their Faces, that they render'd themselves Spectacles of Horreur, and converted the Lust of the *Assassins* into Pity.

You will tell me, 'tis easie Denying where there is an Aversion to the Person that makes the Application: I will allow you that

Virtus est placitis abstinuisse bonis.

But how much the *Female Sex* are Mistresses of their own Inclinations, will appear from many Thousands of Instances: I shall mention but one; A certain Duke of *Tuscany*, was so extremely Covetous, that he with-held from his Son that Allowance which was necessary to Support his Quality in any tolerable Degree. An old Count of the same Territory was posselt of a very Plentiful Fortune and Beautiful young Wife, who was marry'd to him; not of her own Choice, but submitting to the Importunity of her Parents. The

Count

Count despairing of Issue, thought he could not better employ his Wealth, than in supplying the Wants of the fore-mentioned young Prince: He therefore begg'd of him the Honour that he would become his Adopted. The Prince hereupon being frequently Entertain'd at the House, fell Enamour'd on the young Lady, and extreamly Solicited her, presuming on Success, having in his Person all the Charms imaginable. She was Surprized at his Ingratitude, and severely Reproved him for his unlawful Addresses. But finding there was no Cessation, she at last solemnly Protested, That unless he Desisted, she would acquaint her Lord with what she till then thought Prudence to Conceal. Upon this final Answer, the Prince to Divert the uneasiness of a fruitless Passion, betook himself to Travel. Returning after

E

seve-

several Years Absence, his First Enquiry was about the Lady, who then lay desperately sick. He straight hasten'd to her House, and fearing to come too late to find her alive, he prest abruptly into her Chamber, and the Attendants being at a little distance, he kneeled at her Bedside to crave her dying Pardon. She had for some Hours before lain Speechless, but her Surprize at the Sight of him recover'd her so much Breath, as to utter softly these Words : *Prince, I Dye for You, which I have now only Confest, because I have therewith Spoke my Last.* Which being said, she immediately Expir'd.

Now after this Command and Management of Her self, what was there in this Lady's Passion which the Husband himself could have taken ill ?

Here

Here we see an Example of their Continency, and a Sacred Respect to the Marriage-Vow: This and innumerable Instances beside, sufficiently demonstrate their Truth, and that they can be Just even where they cannot Affect.

But where their Hearts are allowed the freedom of Consent, where their Nuptials are attended with just Endearments of Passion: The History of *Vertue* can afford us no greater Miracles than those of *Conjugal Affection*; 'Tis here that we Repose the greatest Trust of our Happiness, a Trust of the greatest Importance to Mankind: God and Nature in this Office, have put them to the greatest Test of Honour, whereof they can be capable. In the faithful and laudable discharge of this Duty, consists their Noblest Triumph. Let us therefore take a little pains to examine how they have acquitted them-

selves in this Particular. Certainly there needs no better Argument for Chastity in Women than Love to their Husbands; And I dare appeal to the generality of Wives in all Ages for a joynt Consent for putting the Tryal of their Vertue upon this Issue.

I might carry you into *Greece*, and there shew you the Ashes of *Evadne*, who cast her self into the Flaming Pile of her Husband. The Web of *Penelope* was too strongly wrought for Time or Slander to unravel. I might produce the Cup in which *Camma* drank Death and Revenge: Another Cup wherein *Artemisia* drank the Ashes of her Husband. *Porcia* and *Paulina* might here be once more admitted to the Stage of Honour.

The very sight of *Pompey's* bloody Garment was enough to strike *Julia* Dead without enquiring into the Disaster.

Sulpitia

Sulpitia being strictly kept by her Mother lest she should follow her Husband *Lentulus* into Banishment, (who by the Tyranny of the *Triumvirate* was confin'd to *Sicily*,) putting on the Habit of a Servant, past through the Guards and Watches, and came by secret flight to the Place where he was proscribed; leaving all the Pleasures of *Rome*, to participate in the Miseries of a Husband.

Arria seeing her Husband *Petus* Sentenced to Death, and judging it more Honourable for him to Fall by his own Hand than that of the Common Executioner, perswaded him to a *Roman Resolution*; but perceiving him to be somewhat Daunted, and deliberating betwixt Resolution and Fear, she snatcht up a Sword, which she immediately plung'd into her own Bosom, from whence plucking it forth again, she presented it to him with these

few last words, *Pate, non dolet.*

This honourable way of quitting the World, she thought necessary for a Husband that had born a Consulship, and that her Precedent would be an effectual Charm against his timorous Doubts, that he would at least have Resolution to follow, if not to lead. *Petus* (what could he do less) immediately dispos'd of the Bloody-Legacy according to her Direction, thereby preserving the *Roman Dignity*, but rather by the Courage of his Wife than his own.

Pliny the Younger informs us of an Acquaintance of his in *Italy*, who was perpetually afflicted with a most tormenting Sickness; his Wife impatient to see him languishing so long in Misery, took Advice of all the skilful Physicians, and being assur'd from every one, that her Husbands Distemper was incurable, and without so much as any possibility of the least Ease or Relief;
so

so that he was absolutely Condemned to linger out a painful and miserable Life : Wherefore as the most sure and sovereign Remedy, she resolutely advised him to be his own best Physician, and rid himself from his Malady at once by a sudden and voluntary Death : But finding him a little surprized and backward to so violent a Method. *Do not think (said she) that the Torments I see thee endure, are not as sensible to me as to thyself, and that to deliver myself from them, I will not make use of the same Remedy I have prescribed to thee : I will accompany thee in the Cure, as I have done in sharing all thy Pain ; Fear nothing (my Dear) but believe that we shall have Pleasure in this Passage that will free us from Misery, and we must certainly go happily, going together.* Having thus spoken, and rouzed up the Courage of her Husband, she resolved that they should cast themselves headlong into the Sea, from a Precipice that

hung over it; And that she might maintain to the last that vehement Affection wherewith she had Embraced him during his Life, she would have him die in her Arms; and lest they should break their Hold in the Fall, she ty'd her self to him with her Girdle: In this manner she plung'd down with him, having no other fear upon her in this Adventure, but of being separated from him in her last Gasps.

Admetus King of *Greece* being under a languishing Sickness, according to the Superstition of those Times, Consulted the *Oracle* for the Means of his Recovery: The *Priests* who were the Managers of those Mysterious Cheats, fearing to lose the Reputation of so gainful an Artifice, and being not Physicians enough to prescribe any probable Method for his Cure, return'd him Answer, That unless some Kinsman, Friend, or Courtier would make a voluntary Sacrifice of
their

their own Life to the Gods on his behalf, he must infallibly perish by his Distemper. The Proposal accordingly was made to very many who were near and dear to him ; but not so much as one Person appearing upon the Summons, his Wife *Alceste* offer'd up her self to a publick Death, which not being permitted by the King, she privately put it in Execution by her own Hand : By which Performance she gave a just and noble Triumph to Conjugal Affection, over Consanguinity, Gratitude, and all the Bonds of Obligation.

Hysicratea, a Lady of most Exquisite Beauty, was contented to Divest It of all her Female Ornaments for the sake of her Husband *Mithridates* ; for perceiving the Malice of his Fortune, and sensibly declining Power, she suffered her Tresses to be cut off, and putting on the Habit of a Man, she accusom'd her self to Riding, and wearing of Armour,

mour, by which means she might become more Expedite in accompanying him in his Labours and Danger. When he was vanquisht by *Pompey*, and forced to take his Flight through Barbarous Nations, she followed him with Indefatigable Constancy. Thus by her Presence she afforded no small Comfort to his Difficulties and Misfortunes ; for having his Wife all along with him, he seemed in a manner to be but Journeying with his Houshold, and every where at home.

But not to Surfeit you with Antiquity, give me leave to mention the Lady *Jane Coello*, Wife of *Anthony Perez* Secretary to King *Philip* the Second of *Spain*.

This Lady reckon'd her self not only to have married *Anthony Perez* the Favourite of his Prince, and Minister of State, and a Man of great Expectation, but to have Espoused all that *Perez* was

or

or could be ; preparing her self to Love him in all Conditions wherein Fortune might place him. She alter'd not in bad Times, because bad Times wrought a Change in her Husband, it was *Perez* she had Wedded, not the Secretary ; wherefore she was the same to *Perez*, Criminal and a Prisoner, as to the Confident and Secretary of *Philip*. In a word, she was Victorious over Tortures and Death it self, by contriving and acting the means of Conveying her Husband out of Prison : Nay, she triumph'd over Jealousie and her own Injuries ; for I must tell you, that it was *Perez* his Rivalship of his Master, and being preferr'd to him in the Esteem of the Princess *Eboli*, that occasion'd his Misfortune.

'Twere easie to muster up an Army of Ladies at sundry times, Famous for Conjugal Affection and Fidelity ; but you will tell me they are still but single,
and

and bear small Proportion to the Numerous Sex. To make it appear therefore, that they are not in this like *Phœnixes*, whereof there is but one to support the Credit of an Age; we will produce whole Troops of them, where without Exception they have One and All deserved and made good this Noble Character.

After an Implacable War between the *Theſſalians* and *Phocenses*, those of *Theſſaly* (bringing their Army through the *Locrenſes*) surrounded the People of *Phocis* on all ſides; wherefore having this Advantage of them, they made a Decree to kill all the Males within the Town, and bear away their Wives Captive: This Determination coming to the Knowledge of the Beſieged, the Women reſolving not to Survive the Slaughter of their Huſbands, with one unanimous Conſent, deſired to be brought

brought into a Place surrounded with Wood and Combustible matter, which they Conjured their Husbands to set on Fire, in case they were not able to Beat the Enemy from their Walls. This generous Resolution on the Women's side, Animated the *Phocenses* not only to Defend their Gates, but to Sally forth and Encounter the Foe; from whom they return'd Victorious to Release their Loyal Consorts at once from their Confinement and promis'd Death. After which, on the Day of this Memorable Battel and Victory, they Celebrated a Feast to *Miverva* which they call *Elophebolia*.

Philip the Son of *Demetrius*, appearing in Hostile manner before the City of *Chios*, to Insinuate with the Slaves within the Town, & work them to his Aid; He Publisht a Scandalous Edict, promising them not only a free Manumission, but also that he would see them

Mar-

Married to their Mistresses, and possessed of their Masters Fortunes. This unworthy Proposal kindled such Indignation in the *Ladies* and *Matrons* of the City, that taking Whips in their Hands, they drove their Slaves Armed before them to the Breaches, where they Compelled them to make good the Walls and Ports; They themselves likewise Assisting to the Defence, by casting Stones, Darts, Fire, &c. till the Repulse of *Philip's* Assaults was as shameful as his Edict was Barbarous.

The *Tyrrhenians* were on a certain Time Opprest by the *Spartans* and cast into Prison, where they were kept close Guarded, in order to be question'd for their Lives: The Wives of the Captives upon Information hereof, came to the Prison-doors, where with humble Prayers and infinite Tears, they besought those that had the Charge of them, that by their Entrance they might

might Administer some small Necessaries to their Husbands : This Request, after much Importunity, was granted, and the Women admitted, where suddenly they caused the Men to change Habits with them, who by that Contrivance were let forth in their stead: The Women contenting themselves to abide Prisoners in their room ; Each of them being furnished with a concealed Ponyard, in case of any Violence threatened to their Persons. Thus with double Piety securing at once the Lives of their Husbands and their own Chastity.

As for Piety to Parents, which is a Duty of the first Rank in Humane and Divine Laws ; I dare appeal to the testimony of *Fathers & Mothers* in all Ages, even to the first Pair that Peopled the Earth, if they have not had reason to complain of Three unnatural Sons for One undutiful Daughter ; Daily Experience
con-

convinces beyond Contradiction, that filial Tenderness and Fondness in Women is of equal Duration with the Life of the Parent: with our Sex it commonly wears off when first we commence Manhood, which we are for the most part impatient to antedate.

*Filius ante Diem Patrios inquit in An-
nos.*

Our Gratitude too often ceases with their Power to oblige; whereas Female Tenderness seems Wedded for Life to this Duty, in Poverty, Plenty, Sicknes, or Health: Returning their first kind Offices to their Infancy with as careful Nursery of the Parent's old Age, by which means they become in a manner Mothers to those that gave them Being.

What have they not suffer'd on their behalf! What Dangers have they declin'd

clin'd! What Perillous and Difficult Journeys have they not undertaken beyond the strength of their Sex, to Administer to their Relief? What have they not contriv'd for their Rescue? Have they not ventur'd through all the Terrours of Night, through Blood, Fire, and Armed Batalions to their Succour? Have they not brought them Sustenance, where immediate Death was the Penalty? Have they not Expos'd their own Lives to rescue their dead Bodies from indecent Usage?

Val. Maximus after several remarkable Instances of Piety in Sons towards their Parents, concludes doubtful, whether one single Action of *Claudia*, a Vestal Virgin, did not out-balance them all.

Suetonius and *Cicero* report of her, That she seeing her Father Riding in his Triumphant Chariot through the Streets of *Rome*, and by the *Tribunes* of the People (who envy'd his Honour)
F pull'd

pull'd down and hauled from his Seat ; she with a wondrous Dexterity and Masculine Courage, rescu'd him from the Hands of those *Tribunes* and their *Lictors*, and in spite of all their Oppositions lifted him up again into his Chariot ; nor would forsake him, till she saw him in all Magnificent Pomp received into the *Capitol* : insomuch that it was question'd among the *Romans*, which deserved the greater Trophies, his Victory or her Piety.

Pliny and *Solinus* mention a young *Roman Lady* of a Noble Family, who when her Mother was Condemned at the Judgment-Seat by the *Prætor*, and deliver'd up to a *Triumvir* to be Committed to Prison, and there privately Executed : The Keeper of the Gaol (either Commiserating the *Matron's* Gravity, or believing her Innocence) did not cause her to be immediately Strangled according to the Rigour of her

her Sentence. He likewise permitted her Daughter daily to go in to her, but first narrowly searched her, lest she should convey any Sustenance to the Condemned Person; he desiring rather that she should perish by Famine, than Himself to have any violent Hand in her Execution: But she having now pass'd over more Days than he could possibly have supposed her to Subsist without Food; and musing with himself how her Life was protracted without any means to maintain it: At the Daughter's next coming, he resolved more narrowly to watch her, and through the Dusk could perceive her drawing forth first one Breast, and then another, Relieving with her own Milk her Mothers Famine. The Novelty of this Spectacle being related to the *Triumvir*, *Prætor*, and *Consuls*, and by them to the *Senate*, occasion'd so great a Surprise, that to Recompence the

Piety of the Daughter, they revoked the Sentence they had passed on the Mother : An act of Vertue sufficient to Atone for more than a supposed Crime.

The same pious Office was performed by *Pera* to her Father *Cimon*, under the like Sentence and Confinement : for he being past the Ninetieth Year of his Age, she daily laid him like an Infant to her Breast.

Many Passages of commendable Affection, and good Offices from Sisters to their Brothers, might be drawn from History.

The Kindness and Indulgence of Mothers to their Offspring, cannot surely be deny'd, it being in Women a Principle of Nature, and common to them, with the Females of all other Kinds.

We will summ up this whole Matter with an Instance of Female Piety at once Extended to their Relations of
every

every Degree ; for whose sake there is no Man but will put a value upon the Sex, that has had a Sister an Aunt, or other Female Relations, at least there is none of us but have had a Mother.

It is Recorded of the *Women of Wynbergen*, a Free Town in *Germany*, That the *Emperour* having laid long Siege to the Place, and by the Obstinacy of the Defenders lost the greatest part of his Army ; was so Implacably incens'd, that being at length Master of the Walls, he determin'd to put every Man in the Town to the Sword : However to the Women he was more Favourable, for before he permitted his Souldiers to enter on the Slaughter, he Publish'd an Order of Leave for every *Matron* and *Virgin* to carry out of their own Necessaries, a Burden of what they best liked ; Imagining for certain, that they would load themselves with Jewels, Coin, and the richest of their

Garments : When immediately to his Astonishment he beheld Them issuing out from the Ports, every Wife with her Husband upon her Shoulders, every Virgin and Damosel with her Father or a Brother, excepting such as had theirs kill'd in the Defence of the Town ; and these gave their kind Assistance to the rest who had not strength for their respective Burdens. This surprising Example made such Impression in the Heart of the *Emperour*, that in Recompence to their *Piety*, he not only suffer'd them to depart peaceably with their first Carriages, but to make choice of a second Load, of what best pleas'd them, amongst all the Wealth and Treasure of the City. Thus did they express as much Kindness in preserving the Lives of the Men, as they had shewn Valour in defending their Liberties.

Thus

Thus far we are sure of our Way, and have hitherto met with no *Vertue* or *Commendable Quality*, which has not appear'd Congenial to the *Female Sex*: There remains yet one *Vertue* which we wholly assume to our Selves; I mean, *Courage*.

Fortitude indeed is subordinate unto, and necessary to support all other *Vertues*; it must be present in all great *Actions*, and support all great *Works*: It is to this *Fortitude* that after the Copy of *Plato*, both *St. Ambrose* and *St. Gregory* do Attribute the *Victories* of the *Spirit* over the *Flesh*, of *Innocence* over *Fortune*. It is requisite both to the *Modest*, the *Reserved*, and the *Devout*: It is necessary to Support the *Cares* of *Marriage*, to resist both pleasing and frightful *Passions*, flattering and dreadful *Objects*; It is needful to Regulate even those *Affections* which are honest and lawful, to bridle innocent *Pleasures* and *Joys*, and

to moderate Sorrows and Afflictions. In a word, there is no *Christian* or *Moral* Exercise to which it is not requisite.

But what ground have we for engrossing to our selves this Vertue of *Courage* (in the Noblest Application of the Word) besides our own *Presumption*? 'Tis evident, that *Nature* and *Providence* have Exposed Women to more Occasions, (at least) for patient *Fortitude* than Men; and 'tis no less Evident they are generally better endu'd with it; They are neither Cold to a Degree of *Insensibleness*, nor Hot to a Degree of *Rashness*: The latter whereof receives Punishment in the other World, after it has been justly Blamed in this. We cannot think we have reason to call Women *Fearful* because they are not *Rash* and *Unadvised*: *Fear* and *Boldness* when reasonable are Consistent; the one opens our Eyes to foresee Misfor-

Misfortunes, the other Animates us to a Resistance.

The forementioned *Arria* and *Porcia*, are sufficient Proofs how far *Female Spirits* can Dare upon an Honourable Account : We have seen *Paulina* suffering with the Constancy of *Seneca*. There is indeed one sort of Courage more Predominant in our Sex, which (if all Things were call'd by their right Names) would be term'd *Barbarity* : Women have seldom that Cruelty in their Temper, which has gone a great way in Compleating our *Catalogue of Heroes*.

But if nothing will pass with us for *Valour*, besides *Feats of War*, and a Lady must handle *Steel* before you will allow her *Courage* ; we can shew you a *Zenobia*, *Amalasincta*, *Semiramis*, who became their Armour as well as their Robes, and wore their Helmets as gracefully as the *Tiara* or *Diadem* : We can bring
down

down Armies of *Heroines* and *Warlike Ladies*, without mustering the whole Nation of *Amazons*: What was there wanting in *Deborah* to render her *Worthy* the Honour of succeeding *Joshua*? Did she not as *Valiantly* Defend what he gloriously obtain'd? *Xenophon* made *Cyrus* a Pattern for *Monarchs*, yet we find him Defeated by *Queen Tomyris*: Which shall we first Commend in *Harpalyce* of *Thrace*, her *Valour* or *Piety*? This *Lady's* Father being taken Prisoner by the *Getes* a People of *Scythia*, she recovered him out of their Hands by Dint of *Valour*; for which Service the Prince of *Poets* thought her worthy of his mentioning:

—*Vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce.*

What

What can be more terribly beautiful than the Description he has given us of *Camilla the Volsce*, who came to the Aid of *Turnus* upon the Arrival of the *Trojans* in *Italy*: After a long List of the Confederacy, he could find no Person so worthy as this *Virago* to bring up the Rear, and Compleat his Seventh Book.

*Hos super advenit Volscâ de Gente Camilla,
 Agmen agens Equitum & florentes ære Catervas,
 Bellatrix. Non illa Colo Calathifve Minervæ,
 Fæmineas assueta manus, sed prælia Virgo
 Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere Ventos.
 Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
 Gramina, nec teneras cursu lassisset Aristas:
 Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,
 Ferret iter, celereis nec tingeret aquore plantas,
 Illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa Juventus
 Turbaque miratur Matrum & prospectat euntem;
 Attonitis inhians Animis, ut regius ostro
 Velet honos leves humeros, ut fibula Vestem
 Auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa phare-
 Et pastorem præfixa Cuspide Myrtum. (iram,*

To these, *Camilla* the fair *Volscian* joyn'd
 Her Female Squadron Arm'd in Brass refin'd;
 A *Championess*, whose Virgin Hands refuse
Minerva's Webb, but well her Spear could use.
 A Martial Maid, and ne'er to Love inclin'd :
 So swift of Foot, she could out-strip the Wind ;
 O're standing Corn could lightly trip along,
 And do the tender-bearded Ears no wrong :
 O're Seas, supported on a rising Wave,
 Could pass, nor once her nimble Anckles lave.
 From Town & Field the thronging Youth repair,
 And rev'rend Matrons to a Sight so rare :
 Alike Astonish'd, how her Dress and Mien
 Present at once a Warriour and a Queen :
 All Eyes pursue her, ravish'd to behold
 How pleated Purple did her Shoulders Fold, }
 Her gather'd Tresses wreath'd and clasp'd in }
 Gold.

How at her Back She Bow and Quiver wore,
 And in her Hand a Myrtle Javelin bore.

Tacitus informs us in his *Life of Agrippa*, as also in his *Annals*, that our *Britains* were wont to War under the Conduct of Women, and made no distinction of Sex in Command. The *Iceni* (our *Essex-Men*) got no Dishonour under *Boadicia*, nor the *Brigantes* (our Men of *Yorkshire*) under *Cartesmundu*.

By

By the Testimony of *Ælianus* and others, the Matrons of *Lacedæmon*, in all Battels, fought against the Common Enemy : It was their Custom moreover after the Fight, to take a View of their Dead ; and as many of their Husband's, Sons or Allies as they found slain, they searched what Wounds they had about them : If the greater Number were on the Face or Breast, with much Joy and Solemnity they bore them to be Entomb'd in the Monuments of their Ancestors : But on the contrary , if the Wounds upon their Back exceeded the number of the other, they either left them to common Burial, or gave them such private Interment, as if they desired to have their Memories perish with them.

In Modern Times, the *Turks* being busied in the Siege of some Towns in *Catharo*, two Captains of Eminence amongst them, Named *Uluzales*, and *Carocossa*,

rocossa, prevailed with the Great Admiral to deliver into their Management Threescore Gallies, with Ammunition and a competent Number of Men, to make Incursions into the bordering Islands then under the State of *Venice*. These two *Turkish Captains* accordingly land their Forces before *Curzala*, (a City that gives Name to the Country) with purpose to Invest it: Upon their first Approach, *Antonius Contarinus* (then Governour of the Town) taking Advantage of the Night, fled Cowardly with his Souldiers from thence, leaving the Place not any ways Defensible; the Citizens taking Example by the Garrison, most of them deserted likewise: The Walls being thus left to the weak Guard of some Twenty Men, and about Fourscore Women, the *Turks* give them a fierce Assault. These *Virago's* choosing rather to Dye like Souldiers than Accompany the Scandalous Flight of their

their Garison, betake themselves some to Maintain the Ports, others to Defend the Breaches with such Noble Resolution, casting Fire, Stones, Scalding-water, and such like Artillery as came readiest to Hand: By which means the Assailants were so Afflicted, that many of them were Slain, the rest thinking it Prudence to Retire themselves for that Bout, but with purpose to Salute them with a fresh Alarm: But Fortune was so favourable to these *Amazonian Spirits*, that a mighty Tempest rising from the North so distressed and Shatter'd the *Turks Gallies*, that without repeating their threatned Onset, they were forced to abandon the Island, leaving to the Besieged a Memory worthy to out-live Posterity.

How much Honour (says *Paul. Æmil.*) is at this Day paid Yearly at *Orleance* on the Memorable Eighth of May, to the Statue of the Lady *Darcy* of *Lorain*,

rain, who obliged her Country with a Victory wonderfully obtain'd when all was lost ?

What Resolution did the *French Ladies* express at the Siege of *Beauvais*, Repulsing *Charles Duke of Burgundy*, in the time of King *Lewis* the second ? Did not the Ladies of *Aquileia*, give their Hair to make Bow-strings against the Emperour *Maximinus* ? Did not the *Roman* and *Marcellian Ladies* do the same ?

After *Philip King of Macedon* had put to Death the Principal Lords of *Thessaly*, many to avoid his Cruelty, fled into foreign Countries. *Poris* and his Wife *Theoxena* took the way to *Athens*, to seek there that Safety which they could not have in their own Native Province : They put to Sea, but so unhappily, that contrary Winds drove them back into the same Port from whence they had set Sail : The Guards discovering them at the Sun-rising, Advertized

vertized the King of it, and endeavour'd to bereave them of that Liberty which they Valu'd above their Lives. *Poris* in this Extremity used Entreaties to the Souldiers; But *Theoxena* seeing her Death unavoidable, resolving that no part of her should fall into the Tyrants Hands, had recourse to the last and desperate Remedy to Secure her Children from Captivity: To the Eldest she offered a Dagger, to the lesser a little Cup of Poyson, Bespeaking them in these Words:

There is no Preserving of our Lives or Liberties, and since we must Resolve to Dye, Courage, my Children; it is better to choose a Death, than be Compelled to receive it from Insolent Hands: Thou that art strong enough, make use of this Weapon; and Thou that art the weaker, of this Drink.

Her Children having Obey'd her, she threw them half Dead into the Sea; then Embracing her Husband, she cast her Self likewise with him into the Water in the sight of the Souldiers, that could not choose but lament the Loss, as well as admire the Resolution of this Lady.

Giye me leave but for one Instance more in *Catherine Douglas* Maid of Honour to the Queen of Scotland. The Earl of *Athol* Uncle to the then Reigning King, enter'd into Compact with several Resolute Ruffians to Assassine his Royal Nephew: At the appointed Day a Groom of the King's Bed-Chamber, brings in the Executioners, and shews them the Door without Defence, the Traytor having been corrupted by the Earl to take away the Bolt. An Officer newly come out from thence, discovered the Conspirators, and endeavouring to recover the Place from

from whence he came, drew upon himself the first Blows : At the Noise of the Assassins, the forementioned *Catherine Dowglas* who was then attending the Queen, runs directly to the Door, and finding it without any Barre, and uncapable of Resistance, makes use of her Arm to supply the office of the Bolt which the trayterous Groom had taken away : Surely if her Arm had been as strong as her Heart, it had answer'd her Hopes, but not being made for such stubborn Service, it brake short in two, and made way for the Assassins, who passed over her Body to the King, who had then with him no other Guard but his Queen : He being thrown upon the Ground, the Queen cast her self upon him to cover him with her Body, that at least he might not be Wounded but thorow her Wounds, nor receive Death but thorow her own.

There would be no end of Examples that make for the Honour of the Sex, wherefore we will pass on to a Consideration of still greater Moment; We have demonstrated their *Piety to Parents, Husbands and Relations*; let us now take a short Survey of that which Transcends, or rather Includes all the rest; I mean, their *Devotion and Piety for God himself*.

To the shame of Mankind it must be confess'd, and ascrib'd almost wholly to the *Female Sex*, That *Religion* at this Day is any thing more than a *Name*.

This Point though it be of the greatest Importance, and makes most for their Reputation, will require the least Pains to Vindicate; because, for what I see, we are Indifferent how we Contend with them on this Score; We are but too willing to Resign to them this *Spiritual Province*: We are for securing the present Enjoyments, no great Tra-

Traders in *Faith*, and care not how seldom we draw Bills of *Happiness* upon the other *World*; We are too busie for Contemplation, and leave it to Women as having more Leisure to observe the *Punctilio's* in Religion. We are almost Cautious of Professing it for fear of bringing a Scandal upon our Wit, and unless a Man would make himself Ridiculous, he must get his *Fortune* and *Salvation* both together.

When the *Saints* of the Earth shall come to be Number'd, most certainly the Odds will be manifest on the *Female Side*. After all our Vaunted Courage and the Timorousness wherewith we charge them, he that looks into the *Martyrologies*, will find as many *Female Names* in *Red Letters* as others. It cannot surely be deny'd, that *Women* are more Firm and True in their *Devotion* to *God* than *Men*; since in that great Occasion where most Affection was

to be shew'd to God ; There were seen three *Maries* under the Cross where there was but one *Disciple*.

What shall we say to *Salomona* of old ? May we not call her as properly the *Mother of Martyrs*, as of the *Maccabees* ? Did she not express a *Christian Zeal* even before *Christianity* began ? Were not all sorts of Engines applied to withdraw her Children from the Religion of their Parents ? She was so far from concealing them from Torments, that she produced them one after another, Armed with her *Piety*, inflam'd with the same *Divine Ardour*, and fortified with her *Admonitions* : 'Twas thus she made *Religion Triumph over Nature* ; for the Death which she her self sustain'd, was least painful to her ; for she had before that suffer'd Seven (one by one) in the Persons of her Children.

Now after so fair a Chain, or rather Garland of *Female Excellencies*, the Usefulness

fulness and Benefit of their Sex to the World, cannot possibly be a Dispute. Nature is beholden to them for more than the Propagation of her Rational Beings; though we must grant this Office alone should be sufficient to procure them Reverence; Yet we are not only indebted to them for our Conception and Birth, but at least for the first and helpless Years of our Infancy and Childhood: They Oblige us before we can have any sense of the Kindness; Neither can a Man be Ungrateful that Considers he was once a Child.

The Offices of a Domestick Care we are willing to allow them, and the absolute Necessity of the Sex for the good of Families: Yet we must not forget that many of them have exerted their useful Influence beyond the Sphere of their private Houses: They have many times been beneficial to States and Kingdoms, to their Country and Man-

kind ; Witness the Deliverance of the Jews by *Deborah*, their Preservation in Captivity by *Esther*.

Under the Reign of *David* the *Abe-lites* being Besieged by *Joab*, and threatened with the Sacking of their City, were delivered from immediate Ruine by the Counsel of a Woman, who perswaded them to clear their Hands of a Rebel whom they had harbour'd, and to throw his Head over the Walls : This Head thrown over to the Besiegers, was more effectual for preserving the Place, than all the United Strength of the Men within the Town.

We can never sufficiently praise the Conduct and Advice of *Tutola* , who found an Expedient for the Commonwealth, when all the Senate were at their Wits end : The Circumstance was as follows.

The *Sabines* came to demand Roman Matrons in Marriage, with their
Swords

Swords in their Hands to Revenge a Refusal: The *Senate* were puzzled how to give them Answer in a Case where the Denial would beget a certain War, and the Grant of it would hazzard the State; They were sensible that this Alliance sought by the *Sabines*, was only to make themselves Masters of *Rome*. Being thus at a Plunge, and not knowing how to rid themselves of the Difficulty; the foremention'd *Tutola* a young *Roman Virgin* Interposed with her Counsel: She proposed to the *Senate*, that they should seemingly agree to the Demands of the *Sabines*, and immediately cause their *Female Slaves* to be Drest in the Habits of the *Matrons* their Mistresses, and so to be sent as Brides to the *Sabines*; who were now so taken up with their Pleasure, that they forgot their Thoughts of War: These Slaves therefore according to the Direction of *Tutola*, no sooner perceived

ved their pretended *Husbands* to be fallen into sound Sleep, but they subtilly stole their Arms from them, and Advertized the *Roman Souldiers* of it by a lighted Torch, who took that Opportunity to Surprize them, and carried back a *Victory*, where *Fortune* had no share.

Neither did the *Sabine Women* themselves get less Reputation in another Occasion.

For even after these two People became Ally'd, they continued to make Mortal Wars upon each other: The Squadrons being once ready to joyn Battel, the *Sabine Women* threw themselves between the two Armies, covered with Mourning, with their Hair dishevel'd upon their Shoulders, and their Children in their Arms. *What?* (said they to the *Romans*) have you forgot that we are your Daughters? Do you not see that we are between our *Fathers* and our *Husbands*;

bands ; And that you will be no less Obliged to lament the Victory, if you gain it, than if you lose it ? To the Sabines on the other side , they thus Address themselves : What Fury transports you to the shedding of Blood that is so near Ally'd unto you ! You can never Report your Victory without calling your selves Paricides, and relating a Story as shameful to you, as it will be lamentable to us : We have put on Mourning before this Conflict, which must fatally leave us to Bewail either our Husbands or our Fathers : If you must needs persist, we desire you to exercise your first Rage upon us, who had rather Dye than be made Widows or Orphans. This moving Spectacle together with their Discourse, did so soften the Hearts of these Warriours, that they immediately on both Sides Contracted an Inviolable Friendship, to the Happy Union and Settlement of both States.

What Elogies can be sufficient for Volumnia and Vetruvia the Wife and Mother

ther of *Coriolanus*, whose Application and Intercession, Diverted that enraged Commander from laying *Rome* in ashes. In Honour of which Service the *Senate* Decreed Customary Respects to be paid ever after to the *Roman Ladies*; That the Men should every where give them the Way, to shew an humble Acknowledgment to their Preservers. The Statue likewise of *Female Fortune* was Erected in the Place where they interceded with *Coriolanus*.

The *Celtæ* a People of *France* between the Rivers *Garumna* & *Sequana*, after many bloody Conflicts in an implacable Civil War, being ready once more to joyn Battel, the Women presented themselves between the two Armies, and with such perswasive Arguments laid open the Miseries of War; and on the other hand the Advantages arising from Peace and Amity; that they not only reconciled the present Hostility, but betwixt

twixt their chief Cities and Families confirmed an indissoluble League. After which time in foreign Differences or Domestick Quarrels as well in War as Peace their Counsel was demanded. Accordingly in the League which this People made with *Hannibal*, we find it thus written :

That if the Celtæ have any thing to object to the Carthaginians, let the Matter be Argued by the Generals and Præfects in Spain: If the Carthaginians have any Charge against the Celtæ, the Controversie shall be Arbitrated by the Women.

Dominica the Wife of the Emperour *Valens*, when the *Goths* had threatned the utter Subversion of *Constantinople*, by her Discretion mediated with the Enemy, and was the sole means of preserving that People and City.

Sext. Aurelius reports of *Pompeia Paulina*, that when her Husband *Julian* the Emperour had with intollerable
Exacti-

Exactions so far oppressed the People, that they were ready to break out into Rebellion ; She so prudently Concerted the Matter between them, that the Grievances were redressed.

When *Ataulphus* King of the *Goths* in the Year 412, presented himself with an Invincible Army before the Walls of *Rome*, (threatning utterly to subvert the City, and after Rebuilding it again in stead of *Rome* to call it *Gothia*) *Placidia* the Sister of *Honorius*, by Perswasions and Promises so wrought with this Barbarous King, that she turned his Pride into Compassion, insomuch that he departed without any Assault made upon the Town, or the least Spoil done to the Country.

With the *Roman Volumnia* let *Britain* compare, a Lady of her own no less Eminent, the Mother of *Brennus* and *Belinus* : They being left joynt Heirs in the Kingdom, the Younger not contented

ted with the Principality allotted to him, Commenced a fearful War against the Elder ; But as these two Brothers were just ready to joyn Battel, the Mother presented her self before the Two Armies, between the opposite Weapons of the two leading Combatants, exposing those Breasts that had Nourish'd their Infancy ; by which moving Object and her Motherly Perswasions, she so mollify'd the Hearts of the incensed Princes, that laying aside their Quarrel they immediately enter'd into a Brotherly League, which was kept inviolate, to the great Quiet of the Country all their Life after.

'Tis more than once that Mankind has been Obliged to this Sex, for the Contrivance and Establishment of Constitutions for Publick Benefit. The Renowned *Justinian* himself was beholden to his Empress whom he all along consulted in Modelling his Laws, and Framing

ming those Excellent Institutes which all succeeding Generations have so deservedly Admired.

How shall we Celebrate the Memory of *Mercia* the Wife to *Guintheinus* the King of *Britain*? This Lady was even in those Days of that Excellent Knowledge and Learning, that she devised many profitable and wholesome Laws for the Benefit of the Commonwealth, which were highly esteemed by the *Britains* and carefully observed, being call'd for many ensuing Ages after her Name, the *Mercian Laws*.

After such Illustrious Precedents of *Female Worth*, can it possibly be a Question, Whether Women are capable of Government? There is an envious Disposition in our Nature to exclude them by an Universal Salique Law. There are Politicians indeed who will not allow them this Capacity, but they are no Evangelists. It was a Custom amongst

mongst the Ancients, (says *Plutarch de Virtut. Mulier.*) That they Treated of Peace and War with their Women in Company, which was likewise followed by the wise *Athenians*, as *Austin* relates out of *Varro*. Great Deference was paid (says *Paulus Æmil.*) to the *Gaulish Ladies* in the chiefest Affairs of State. When we see a Woman like *Deborah*, made Governess by God himself over his People, distributing Justice: Under the *Palm-Tree*, gaining Battels in the Field; It cannot be said they are incapable of Government, without giving the Lye to *Sacred History*. Nay, it must be taken notice of to Signalize her Memory, that no Complaint is made, no Fault is found, nor miscarriage shewn throughout the whole course of her Regency. The Impartial Sacred Writ that has not concealed the Defects of the *Patriarchs*, but frankly Publisht to Posterity the Diffidence of

Moses and *Aaron*, the Imprudence of *Joshua*, the Incontinence of *Sampson*, the Fall of *David*, the Follies of *Solomon*, found nothing to Reprehend in *Deborah*; and has only left us her *Prophecies* and *Hymns*, her *Laws* and *Victories*. All Nations have had experience of the excellent Rule and Administration of their Princesses. The *Italians* had their *Amalia* *sancta*, the *Halicarnassians* their *Artemisia*, the *Assyrians* their *Semiramis*, the *Massagetes* their *Tomyris*, the *Palmerins* their *Zenobia*, the *Britains* their *Boadicia* of ancient Times, and of late their Illustrious *Elizabeth*. What was there wanting to accomplish this Princess? She was endu'd with a great Spirit; to discharge the Duties of Government, she levied Armies, she presided in Councils, she managed her Subjects with Clemency, her Enemies with Terrour; she did every thing in an extraordinary manner. Of her Superlative and truly
ly

ly Royal Vertues, an Illustrious Pen
has thus written :

*Si quasdam tacuisse velim, quamcumq; tacebo
Major erit, primos Actus veteresne Labores
Persequar ? ad sese revocant presentia Mentem.
Justitiam dicam ? magis at Clementia splendet.
Victrices referam Vires ? plus vicit inermis.*

Reckon as far as Numbers can attain,
Still more and greater Vertues must remain ;
If we to sing her former Actions chuse,
New-starting Wonders still call off the Muse :
When her bright Justice I attempt to Praise,
Her Clemency breaks in with brighter Rays :
If Fam'd for War successfully pursu'd,
In Peace unarm'd she has more Foes subdu'd.

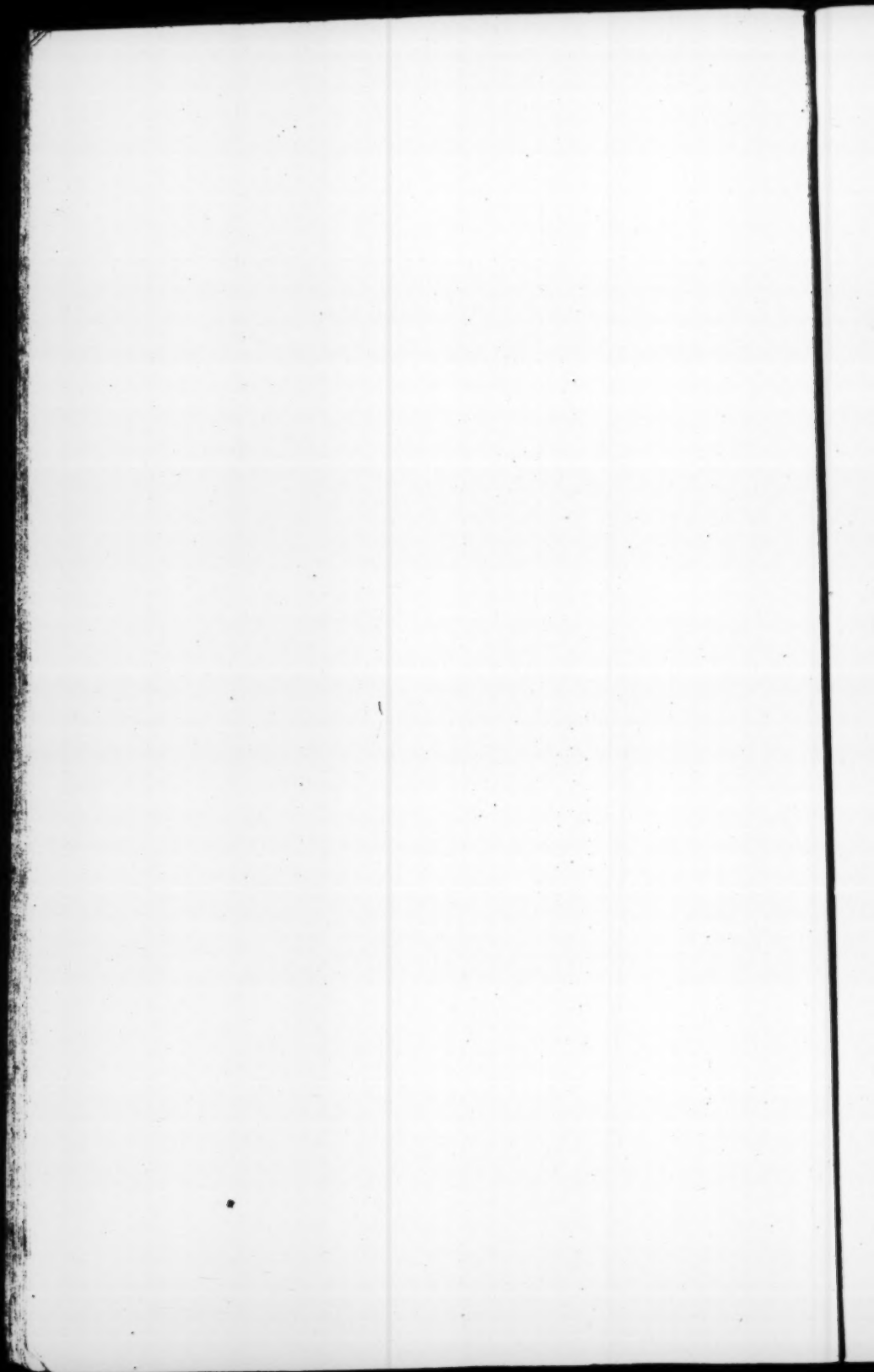
But after all, if Queen Elizabeth had
never bless'd the World, if yet no Age
or Country had seen a Princess sitting at
the Helm of Government and skillfully
steering through all Extremities of
State, (a Person moreover endow'd with
all the Graces and Vertues, whereof hu-
mane nature can be capable :) if the

Times past, I say, had never shewn such a *Phœnix*, yet, to the eternal Glory of the Sex, it must be confess'd, that the present Season is happy in such an Example: All *Europe* have lately turn'd their Eyes upon *Great Britain*, and there beheld upon the Throne, a Female Regent administering in the absence of her Royal Heroe, and every day affording just Occasions for Admiration and Astonishment.

The Inference to be naturally drawn from the Illustrious Instances we have produc'd, is, That we should at last render to this NOBLE SEX their just Respect and Honour. That we should no longer look upon them as the Entertainments of idle Hours, but place them in that venerable Esteem that is due to their Merit. Let us bear in mind the Obligations wherein we stand indebted to them from our Birth and Infancy

fancy ev'n through the whole Course of our Lives. Let us consider the deference that is shewn to them by the wisest Law-givers in all Ages. Let us treat them with that Reverence which is paid by the very Fathers of the Church in all their Writings, wherein their Commendation or Instruction is concern'd. Or if you will suspect, that even those grave Doctors on such Occasions had learnt to Complement, let us remember, that one Epistle in Sacred Writ it self is addressed to the most excellent Lady. Is not this Letter of St. John's reputed as Canonical as those he directed to Angels and Churches? Methinks the very Name of WOMAN should strike us with Reverence, since with Solomon she is the Crown, and with St. Paul, the Glory of Man.

F I N I S.



THE
CHARACTER

Of an Accomplish'd

VIRGIN,
WIFE,

AND

WIDOW.

—

V

I

L

T

R

I

T

T

T

I

THE VIRGIN.

FROM Sacred Dreams and Thoughts prepar'd
to Pray,

The Pious Maid prevents the rising Day;

Loit'ring Aurora blushes when she sees

The earlier fairer Virgin on her Knees.

Blessing and Blest by Heav'n, her next Addres

Is to her Parents, who, next Heav'n, can Bless.

The Morning comes less welcom to their sight,

The Morning's far less innocent or bright.

They own with Vows and Thanks and out-stretch'd
Arms,

Each Day's encrease of Piety and Charms.

Now

*Now to some curious Task she does retire ,
With Skill that ev'n Minerva might admire,
Dissembling Fruits in Wax, and such a Feast
As might ev'n tempt a hungry God to tast.
New Scenes of Wonder she does next unfold,
In artful Webs o'rewrought with Figures bold :
So, on the Worlds green Stage the Creatures rose,
While Nature did the various Forms dispose.
Nor does her Labour only treat our sight,
She adds Instruction to our Eye's delight.
In ev'ry Stitch some useful Moral's read,
Some History is trac'd in ev'ry Thread :
Here Ariadne on a Rock bewails
False Winds with which her falser Theseus sails.
Their diff'rent Aspects our charm'd Eyes employ,
Grief in her Looks, in his a treach'rous Joy.
What God inspires our Virgin to express
Passions, that ne're had to her Heart access ?
For yet she knows not what her Art atchiev'd,
What 'tis to love, or what to be deceiv'd.*

E're

*E're long, like Ariadne, she shall burn,
But ne're have Ariadne's cause to mourn.*

*Sometimes to grace the Court she is allow'd,
(Such Vertue may be trusted in a Crowd)
When publick Triumphs for just Freedom call,
The solemn Festival or splendid Ball.
When in the Dance or shining Circle seen,
Her Ornaments have Charms, but more her
Mien.*

*Ah why should Art and Dress their help employ
For Beauty, arm'd by Nature to destroy?
Why are those Eyes permitted Wounds to give
To Thousand Hearts, that can but One Relieve?
Of all th' advent'ring Youths, her chosen Prize
But One can prove, the Rest her Sacrifice!
Yet urg'd by Fate, or Love's severer Law,
Each stakes a Heart for what but One can Draw:
To charming Ruine, though fore-warn'd, they run,
They Gaze, though gazing sure to be undone.*

With

*With worse than our first Father's Destiny,
 He Tasting Perish'd, for a Look They Dye.
 Whil'st of their Death the fair Destroyer's free,
 And knows no more than did the tempting Tree.*

*Unskilful thus she shall not long remain,
 Taught by her Own a Sense of others Pain.
 Unwonted Sighs shall from her Bosom fly,
 Her self, alas! as yet admiring why.
 While in her Breast these new Disorders move,
 She Blushes (though alone) to think 'tis Love.
 At each fond Look her Parents cast, she fears
 Their Eyes should read the dear Concern in hers.
 With some more skill'd Companion she retires,
 Of whom, with modest caution, she enquires,
 What Lovers mean who rave of Flames and
 Darts,
 Of captivated Souls, and wounded Hearts.
 At which she mocks and does her Looks constrain
 With forc'd Mirth to disguise a real Pain*

For

The VIRGIN.

5

*For Love, that did by stealth her Heart invade,
To his own Conquest is a Pris'ner made.
Though wanting strength the Tyrant to expell,
She modestly confines him to his Cell.*

*Her favour'd Lover sighs among the rest,
Wretched, because unknowing that he's blest.
Not that his Merits are to her unknown,
Or Sufferings, for she feels them by her own :
Yet he of all the humble hopeless Train,
Believes he has most reason to complain.
For though her Heart consent, her Tongue denies,
And modestly from her own Wish she flies.
When prostrate at her Feet himself he throws,
He thinks her Cheek a fiery Anger shows,
When only with a kind Concern it glows.
Through Floods and Desarts he pursues his Toil,
And Battles, to present her with the Spoil;
Which she rejecting with dissembled scorn,
He hides himself in solitude forlorn,*

Not

*Not to offend the Sight of her he loves,
The dearest Object of her Eyes removes.
His pitying Parents, sifting his distress,
Approve his Passion and the Nuptials press,
Which by the Nymph's as gladly are receiv'd,
The wish'd Day fix'd, yet still our Virgin's griev'd,
Still, modesty instructs her to be Coy,
And fear the Tryal of unpractis'd Joy.*

THE

THE WIFE.

GO, Muse, and bid Good Morrow to the
Bride ;

Too long she does her guiltless Blushes hide.

Invite her down to her Domestick Charge,

A Province, like her Vertues, fair and large.

Tell her, that to a Mansion she is come,

More truly hers than her own native home.

How but a Subject there she did appear,

A Regent now and in her Palace here.

From tender Parents Arms to Hymen sent,

O may she never the Exchange repent !

While

*While Nuptials her from their Embraces call,
 'A kinder Husband makes amends for all.*

*See how her chaste and exemplary Life
 Betimes adorns the Sacred Name of Wife.
 As Saint-like Minds, design'd for Joys above,
 On Earth prepare themselves for their remove,
 Practise so well Cælestial Manners here,
 That proper Guests they come, not Strangers there ;
 So did she in her Virgin-Days prepare,
 Each Vertue's Practise made so much her Care,
 That she from first adorns the Wedded Life,
 No sooner Bride, but an Accomplish'd Wife.*

*From Censure free, if others Faults she spy,
 'Tis but to learn how those Defects to fly.
 Her Heart is Wisdoms Centre, whose mild sway
 Her Actions all harmoniously obey.
 Her Heav'nly Thoughts without disorder move,
 All calm and tuneful as the Spheres above.*

When

*When e're she speaks, her Words ev'n while they fly
Are catcht by some bright Seraph waiting nigh, }
Who bears them up like Incense to the sky.
For well of Incense they deserve the Name,
Pure as her Heart, the Altar whence they came.
Her Speech instructs, and when it silent lies,
Ev'n then she reads bright Lessons with her Eyes.
Prudence, her sure Companion, Friend and Guide,
Does o're her Life so constantly preside,
That ev'n her Mirth and harmless Freedom's
To shun the very shadow of a Fault. (taught
Ev'n her divertive Hours are guiltless spent,
Chast in Delights, in Pleasures innocent.*

*Next Heav'n, her Husband the next worthy
Possesses the fair Mansion of her Brest. (Guest,
What Prince with that blest Husband can com-
Unless like his a Consort ease his care: (pare,
Beneath the glitt'ring weight of Crowns he'll groan,
Unless the genial Bed relieve the Throne.*

*Thrice happy Man, what Numbers can express
 The Entertainments of thy sweet Recess,
 When from the Herd of People thou dost come,
 To thy Heart's Mate and dearer Self at Home,
 From busie Sots or Fops more teasing Fry,
 From Witlings most tormenting Company,
 From noisy Haunts where News-Brokers resort,
 From Friends that make an absent Friend their
 sport,* }
*From treach'rous fulsom Complements of Court :
 When from this Penance thou dost home repair,
 To the Embraces of thy chaste and fair,* }
*How soon does her lov'd Bosom charm thy care.
 'Tis there thy Dove-like Soul her rest must find,
 Without that Ark are only Waves and Wind.*

*Perhaps his Country's Service for a time
 May call the Husband to some distant Clime,
 His Days employ in Marches or in Fight,
 (But with sweet Dreams of Home reliev'd at Night)*

The

*The prudent Fair, his Absence to supply,
 So well sustains the Female Regency,
 That no Complaints are through the Household
 found,
 Each Orb performs its old harmonious Round.
 Return'd, he finds of Order the same face,
 All kept in form as when he left the place.
 So does the sandy Teneriff's calm Brow
 Returning Trav'lers their old Footsteps show,
 Where no disord'ring Winds have leave to blow.*

*From stately Cities, and the Tyrian Bed,
 The willing Muse by Hymen's Torch is led
 To Cottages, where he does humbly reign,
 Nor his poor Subjects of the Lawns disdain.
 A pious stock of Mortals, in whose Race,
 Old Nature may her primitive Features trace.
 Amongst this harmless Breed———
 When Earth of injur'd Vertue was bereft,
 Departing Justice her last Footsteps left.*

Here Hymen does with Joy his Laws prescribe,
By none more rev'renc'd than this harmless Tribe.
None treat the God with more religious care,
Nor of his Blessings have a larger share.
Their Services he fails not to repay
With Gifts substantial and not falsely gay;
Sleep for Ambition, for Preferment Health,
For Portion Chastity, Content for Wealth.
The honest Hinde plows, sows and reaps the Soil.
His careful Wife plies her Domestick Toil.
With unbought Clothing and unpurchas'd Fare,
She makes warm Winters by her Summer's Care.
Her Kine she hovels from tempestuous Skies,
The friendly Crib with Fodder she supplies,
When under Flood or Snow the Pasture lies. }
She piles her Fire and makes it briskly burn,
Against the Hour of her good Man's return;
Whom tir'd, with a kind Look and Kiss she
cheers,
And to his Arms his crowing Infant rears.

*He with the fondling sports, she spreads the Board,
With healthful Pulse, Roots, Fruits and Sallad
stor'd,*

*And all the harmless Luxury which their own
Grounds afford.*

The Household supp'd, about the Hearth he sits

With his Domesticks, par'lous Country Wits :

One tells a Fable, by himself devis'd,

That's by a next as shrewdly moraliz'd :

The good Wife then the well-spiced Bowl brings out,

Which her good Man as frankly puts about.

*O Swain, take care these Blessings to conceal,
Nor let their Knowledge from thy Cottage steal:
Should once the Court or Town thy Pleasures see,
Thy Solitude a City soon wou'd be.*

THE WIDOW.

F*rom Hymen's Joys the Muse with drooping
Wing
Descends (sad Change!) the Widow'd Bed
to sing.*

*What pitying Pow'r can teach her Grief the Art,
To charm and comfort a forsaken Heart.*

*Behold where our once happy Bride, retir'd,
Conceals those Eyes that each Beholder fir'd;
Dissolv'd in Tears from hated Day they fly,
One glim'ring Lamp can too much Light supply
For Sorrow's Task.——*

*By one dim Lamp the sabled Matron mourns,
Which sighing Cupids tend and dress by turns.*

*She pines, nor for one Moment can remove,
The present Image of her absent Love.
So in the thickest Covert of the Wood,
The Turtle makes her Grief her only Food,
So moans her slaughter'd Mate and winglefs
Brood.*

*Go pitying Muse and charitably rude
Between the Mourner and her Grief intrude.
The Grave, her Foe, already at her cost
Too richly treated, too much Spoil can boast.
Permitting Grief her Beauties to devour,
Is adding Triumphs to the Conquerour.
To charm her Sorrow, tell what peerless Fame,
What Honours crown the Vertuous Widows
Name.*

*How well her Character the Sex has grac't,
Through long Successions of bright Ages past.*

*Judæa first presents it self to fight,
 Her Sacred Tribes oppress'd by Heathen Might,
 Where Deborah's enthron'd beneath the Palm,
 With Thoughts as active as her Looks are calm:
 Her Sylvan Court the Regent Widow holds,
 Distributes Justice and the Law unfolds;
 Domestick Strifes decided, for Alarms
 More fierce prepares, and calls the Tribes to Arms.
 She Leads, and with the Vigour of her Eyes
 Confirms the Conquest which she prophesies.
 Her Predecessors Vertues she unites,
 Directs like Moses, and like Joshua fights.
 The Sun to stop his Course needs no Command,
 Viewing the Promise of a Female Hand,
 With meer Astonishment he's forc't to stand.*

*Next let Zenobia terribly delight,
 Like arm'd Bellona, charmingly affright,
 Her Bed's dear Partner from his destin'd Grave
 She cou'd not keep, but cou'd her Nation save.*

She

*She pushes to retrieve a desp'rate Game,
Fir'd with her own and Odonatus Flame;
For, as one Eye eclips'd, transfers its light,
And in the Optick left confirms the Sight.
So, strengthen'd by her Partners overthrow,
The gen'rous Widow foils her Roman Foe :
To chase their flying Eagles she presumes,
And Crests her Helmet with their ravish'd
Plumes.*

*A Heroine, that could like Pallas fight,
And with Minerva or the Muses write.
In Verse to charm his angry Ghost, relate
Her Odonatus Triumphs and his Fate;
By force of Wit injurious Death o'recome,
And plant Eternal Laurels on his Tomb.*

*Now to the Pomp of Sorrow turn your Eyes,
And see the Mausolean Structure rise :
A Fabrick towring with such vast extent,
It seems a Mountain, not a Monument.*

This,

*This, of the World's sev'n Wonders, is the chief,
Proportion'd to its Royal Founders grief:*

*Since of the great Deceas'd is left alive
A Name alone, to make that Name survive,
His Mourning Queen this Structure does con-
trive.*

*Assembled Arts by her Direction toil,
All Nature is exhausted for the Pile;
From Africk's golden, Asia's Marble Veins
Impov'rish'd, one rich Obelisk remains.
Whole Colonies for Labourers employ'd,
Vast Agate Rocks for Ballisters destroy'd,
A Tomb's enrich'd, of Treasure Earth left void.
But nearer to that Jasper-Statue go,
Whose Pedestal th' Occasion dear will show,
Where fair inscrib'd these Characters are read,
The Living Lover's Tribute to the Dead,
Let Earth be Poor, and only Rich this Urn.
Thus Artemisia does Mausolus mourn.*

Methinks

*Methinks such Pomp of Sorrow might suffice,
But Artemisia's Zeal must higher rise,
Expence and Art too mean Respect afford,
Her Breast must Tomb the Ashes of her Lord,
Which mingling with her Tears in one rich Bowl,
She drinks for Cordials to her fainting Soul;
Thus her Mausolus still enamour'd shade
Beholds his Reliques to her Heart convey'd,
And of her Sacred Breast——
A nobler living Mausoleum made.*

*Nor, Camma, was thy Cup of less renown,
Where just Revenge in Death thou swallowed'st
down :
For having lost the Partner of thy Bed,
And with his Murderer compell'd to wed,
His hopes of thy Embrace thou didst controul,
By blending Poison in the Bridal Bowl.
Th' invenom'd Cup is on the Altar plac't,
Which Custom first requires the Bride to tast,
(For*

*(For willingly ſhe's to the Temple led
 And Nuptial Rites, that ne're ſhall reach the Bed)
 From Clouds of Incenſe her Sinnatus ſhade,
 Beholds before her feet his Murd'rer laid ;
 With Rage and Poiſon burſt, the wretch expires,
 The Altar ſparkles with more cheerful fires,
 While her laſt words deride his mock'd deſires.
 For with this diff'rence They reſign their breath,
 Repining he, triumphant ſhe in death.*

*From Heroines ſhould now the Muſe aſpire
 To ſing, what wou'd an Angel's Voice require,
 Of Widow-Saints, how wou'd Examples bright
 O'rewhelm her dazzled Eyes with too much light ?
 Whole Days and Nights, One, to Devotion gives,
 And in the Temple or her Cloſet lives ;
 By Abſtinence and Contemplation brought
 T' a living Shadow and a walking Thought.
 But while on Pray'rs thin Diet ſhe is pin'd,
 The Poor her Clients plump and fair you'll find.*

To

*To Hospitals and Prisons she'll repair,
And visit Want when That can't come to her.
Another, call'd by Duty to Affairs
Of Life, ev'n in the midst of worldly cares,
With equal Piety her Off-spring rears :
Does through Domestick-Rule so well persist,
The Master or the Father scarce is miss'd.*

*No longer then may Widows seem forlorn,
Who thus the Female Register adorn.
Much Fame have they obtain'd who only wed
A Husband's Grave, and Mem'ry of the Dead ;
Nor equal Praise to Matrons we deny,
Who with a second worthy Choice comply.
Betwixt them 'twere presumption to decide,
Since Prudence does their sev'ral measures guide,
And Vertue waits to serve on either side.*

*But oh were Hymen in this Cause to judge,
(Who always bore to Death and Fate a grudge,*

But

*But Nature's Friend) he'd labour to dissuade
Our Widow from her solitary shade :
His former Triumphs how wou'd he relate,
While she adorned the Conjugal Estate ;
His with'ring Garland he wou'd plead to save,
Too rich a Present for a thankless Grave.*

F I N I S.

A CATALOGUE of BOOKS Sold by
F. Saunders in the New Exchange in the
Strand.

Poetry and Plays.

F O L I O ' S.

1. **T**HE Earl of Orrery's four Plays, viz.
Henry V. and Mustapha, Black Prince
and *Tryphon*.

2. Sir Rob. Howard's five Plays, viz. *Com-
mittee, Surprizal, Indian Queen, Vestal Virgin,*
and *Duke of Lerma*.

3. Mr. Cowley's Works.

4. Mr. Shakespear's Works.

5. Beaumont and Fletcher's Works.

6. Ben. Johnson's Works in the Press.

7. Sir William Davenant's Works.

8. Mrs. Phillips Works.

9. Spencer's Fairy Queen.

10. Chaucer's Works.

11. Two Epistles, one by Charles Monta-
gue, Esq; on the King's Victory at the Boyn,
the other by Mr. George Stepny on the King's
landing in Holland.

12. Mr. Tho. Killigrew's Plays, viz. *Prin-
cess, or Love at first sight, a Tragi-Comedy.*
The Parson's Wedding, a Comedy. *The*
Pilgrim, a Tragedy. *Cecilia and Clorinda,*

or

Books Printed for F. Saunders.

or Love in Arms, a Tragi-Comedy. *Thomasso*, or the Wanderer, a Comedy, in two Parts. *Bellarmia* her Dream, or the Love of Shadows, a Tragi-Comedy, in two Parts. *Claricilla*, a Tragi-Comedy.
The Prisoners, a Tragi-Comedy.

Q U A R T O ' S.

R *Ehearsal*, by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham.

Humorous Lovers and Triumphant Widow, by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

Mr. *Dryden's* Plays in 2 Vol. or single.

His Poems in another Volume.

Sir *Charles Sydly's* three Plays, *viz.* Mulberry Garden, *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, *Bellamira*.

Sir *George Etheridges* three Plays, *Sir Foplin Flutter*, She would if she cou'd, *Love in a Tub*.

Mr. *Wycherly's* four Plays, *viz.* *Love in a Wood*, *Gentleman Dancing-master*, *Country Wife*, *Plain Dealer*.

Sir *Charles Sydly's*, Sir *Geo. Etheridge's*, and Mr. *Wycherly's* Plays may be had all bound together, or each single.

Mr. *Shadwell's* 16 Plays in one Vol. or single, *viz.* *Sullen Lovers*, *Humorists*, *Royal Shepherdes*, *Virtuoso*, *Psyche*, *Libertine*, *Ep-*
som-

Books Sold by F. Saunders.

Tom-Wells, Timon of Athens, Miser, Tru Widow, Lancashire Witches, Woman Captain, Squire of Alsatia, Bury-Fair, Amoro Bigot, Scowrers.

Mr. Lee's 11 Plays, in one Vol. or each sing

Mr. Otway's 9 Plays, in one Vol. or each sing

Mrs. Behn's 16 Plays, in one Vol. or sing

Any other Plays may be had either sing or in Volumes.

Characters of Vertue and Vice, describ in the Persons of the Wise Man, the Valia Man, the truly Noble, the Patient Man, t true Friend, the Hypocrite, the Superstitiou the Prophane, the Busie-body, the Enviou By *N. Tate.*

O C T A V O ' S.

Earl of *Rochester's* Poems, and *Valentinia*
Mr. *Waller's* Works.

Sir *John Denham's* Works.

Sir *John Sucklin's* Works.

Sir *Robert Howard's* Poems, with the Pla of the Blind Lady.

Dr. *Donn's* Poems.

Mr. *Carew's* Poems.

Mr. *Cleveland's* Poems.

Mr. *Randolph's* Poems.

Lord *Brook's* Remains.

Mr. *Crasshaw's* Divine Poems.

Mr. *Flatman's* Poems.

Hudibras, by Mr. *Butler.*

God

Books Sold by F. Saunders.

Godfrey of Bullen, by *Torquato Tasso*.

A Miscellany of Poems, in 2 Vol. by several Hands.

Ovid's Epistles, by several Hands.

The Temple of Death, with a Collection of Poems, by *Fenshaw*.

Lord *Cutts's* Poems.

Mr. *Oldham's* Works.

Mr. *Tate's* Poems.

Mrs. *Behn's* Poems.

Mr. *Gould's* Poems.

Several other Collections of Poems.

The best of *Divinity, History, Miscellanies* and *Romances* may there be likewise had, also all sorts of *Bibles* and *Common-Prayers*, or any other *Books* curiously Bound with *Silver* or *Gold Clasps* and *Corners*, also the best *Gilt Paper* of all sizes, *shining Ink*, and the best of *Wax, Pens, Sand, or Wafers*.

Lately Printed.

Life of the Duke of *Lorraine*, dedicated to the King.

Life of *Alexander the Great*, dedicated to the Queen.

Zaide, A Romance, in two Parts, dedicated to the Ladies.

Memoirs of the Court of *Spain*, writ by a *French Lady*, and translated into *English*, by Mr. *Th. Brown*.

Two Novels, one the Sultan of *Barbary*, in two Parts; the other *Philautus* and *Bellamond*, both writ by Gentlewomen.

Finis.

